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Shell guide to trees in SEPTEMBER

PAINTED BY S. R. BADMIN, R.W.S.



Autumn's first instalment — brilliant "conkers" knocked in their prickly cases from the HORSE CHESTNUT (1 and 1A), poisonous seeds inside soft pink arils on the YEW (2 and 2A), berries setting fire to the world on the MOUNTAIN ASH or ROWAN (3 and 3A) and wild GUELDER ROSE (4). On the low WAYFARING TREE berries turn from red to black (5).

Gardeners often plant the evergreen STRAWBERRY TREE (6), wild in S.W. Ireland, where they call it *Caithne*. Flowers and fruit from last year's flowers come together (6A). The "strawberries" are edible *when really soft and ripe*. Nuts lose their "milk" and fill out on the HAZEL (7 and 7A). More modestly, winged seeds ripen in dry catkins of SILVER BIRCH (8 and 8A) and hard fruits with a few seeds in them hang among yellowing leaves of the COMMON LIME (9 and 9A).

Cones on the huge CEDAR OF LEBANON (10) — cone, male flowers with pollen, and foliage (10A) — take several years to mature. Also common in gardens are the grey-needled form of the ATLAS CEDAR (11) from North Africa, and the queer GINKGO or MAIDENHAIR TREE (12 and 12A) from Chinese temples with leaves suggestive of maidenhair fern. Fossil leaves of this very ancient tree have been found in rocks in Scotland.



Shell's series of monthly "NATURE STUDIES: Fossils, Insects and Reptiles", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7s. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" and Shell's "NATURE STUDIES: Birds and Beasts" are also available at 7s. each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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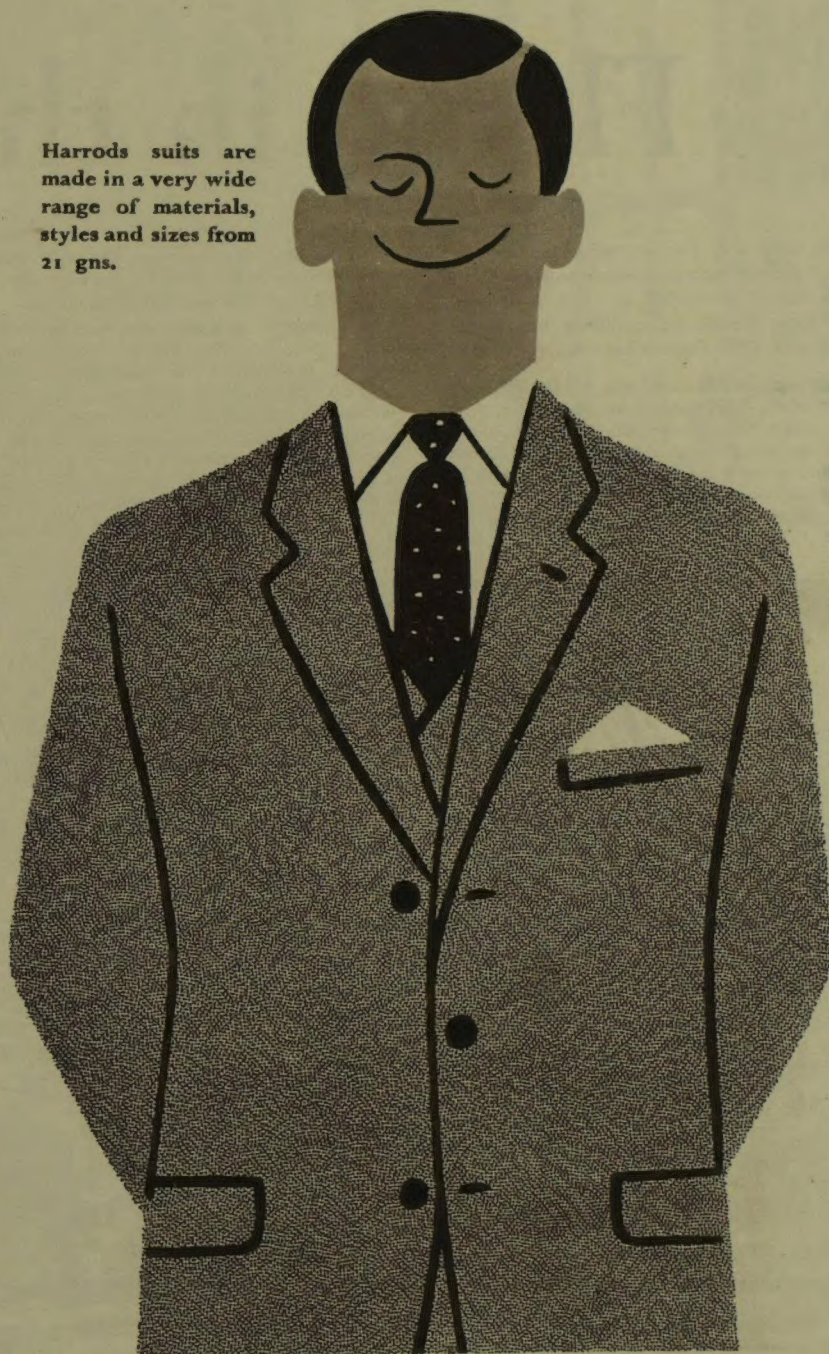
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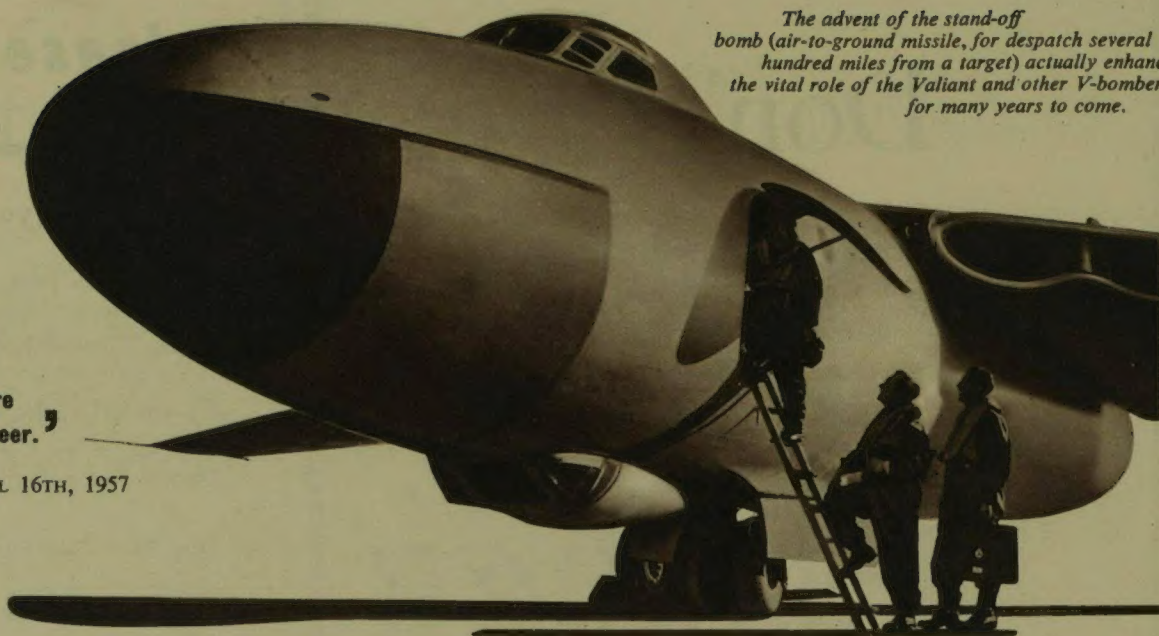


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'I should like to say a word about the future of the Royal Air Force . . . The introduction of new weapons will be a gradual process, extending over a good number of years, and even then there will still remain a very wide variety of roles for which manned aircraft will continue to be needed. I therefore hope that young men who have the ambition to be pilots, as well as those who are interested in new technical advances, will continue as before to look to the R.A.F. for a fine and useful career.'

MINISTER OF DEFENCE, APRIL 16TH, 1957



The advent of the stand-off bomb (air-to-ground missile, for despatch several hundred miles from a target) actually enhances the vital role of the Valiant and other V-bombers for many years to come.

Flying in the missile age

THE NEED FOR PILOTS, navigators and air electronics officers is as urgent as ever . . . and the career prospects no less promising. Weapons change, tactics change, but the role of the Royal Air Force today remains the same.

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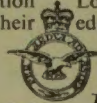
air in the air. These men can not only fulfil their ambition to fly for as long as they serve, but will have a full and satisfying career.

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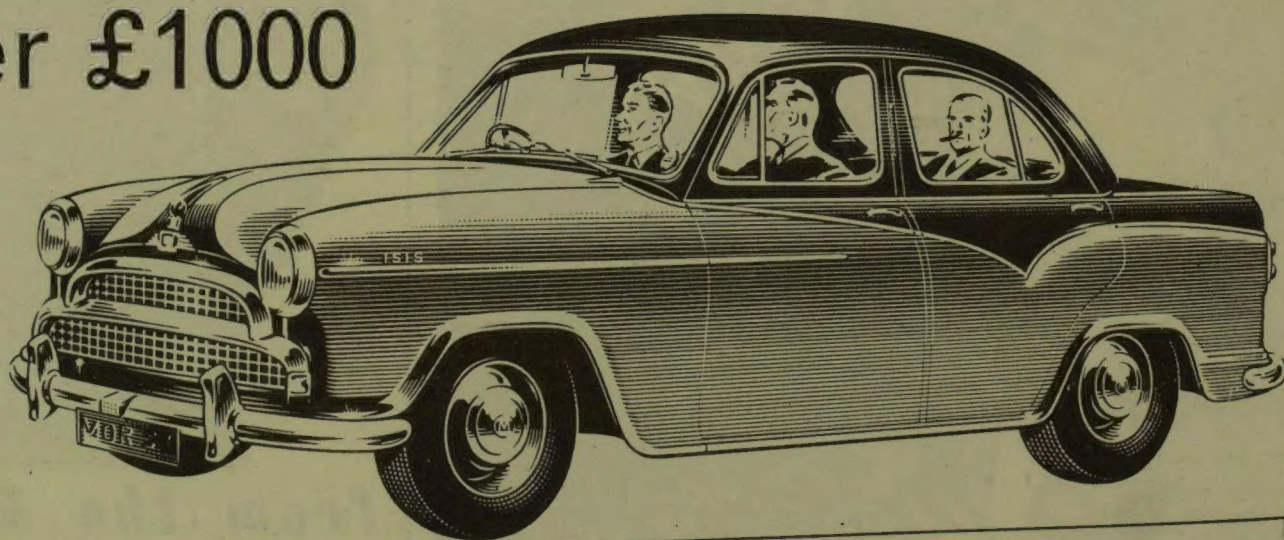


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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1957.



IN THE BIRTHPLACE OF BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY INSTITUTIONS: THE QUEEN WELCOMING REPRESENTATIVES OF NATIONAL PARLIAMENTS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD GATHERED IN LONDON FOR THE FORTY-SIXTH INTER-PARLIAMENTARY CONFERENCE.

On September 12, in historic Westminster Hall in London, the Queen opened a parliament of the world's Parliaments when she welcomed delegates from forty-nine countries assembled for the forty-sixth Conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union. The Queen, who was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, had travelled from Balmoral to open the Conference, the first to be held in London for twenty-seven years. The Queen, who wore a dress of royal blue and had diamonds on her lapel and on her hat, said "the fact that so many are represented in this union is a solid expression of faith in

parliament as the first and principal instrument of democracy." At the close of her speech, after the Queen had been loudly cheered by the delegates, the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, rose to thank her Majesty and also to congratulate her on the manner in which she had performed the ceremony. Later the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended a reception given by the Speaker of the House of Commons and the chairman and members of the executive committee of the British Group of the Inter-Parliamentary Union in the Speaker's House, Palace of Westminster.

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SHORTLY before the passage of the first Reform Bill the Duke of Wellington—then the leader of the stern, unbending Tories who were opposing Reform—being asked what sort of a Constitution he would choose for Britain if he were free to adopt any Constitution he liked, replied, "One as like the present one as I could devise!" This comment was held up to me and my school-fellows, and I have no doubt to generations of nineteenth-century schoolboys before me, as an example of obscurantist Conservative stupidity and a proof that the Duke, however eminent a soldier, was in political matters a fool. Since those days I have done a certain amount of work on the Duke's career, and I have come to the inevitable conclusion that no Englishman of whom there is any ample record, not excepting Dr. Johnson himself, was less of a fool than the Duke. He had, like Dr. Johnson, a massive genius for common sense and for expressing it in a way that drove it home to a world, then as now, liberally endowed with block-heads. And in this particular remark, which I was taught at school to regard as evidence of the Duke's extreme stupidity, he was making a point which the so-called intelligent and progressive advocates of reform were overlooking altogether. What Wellington in effect was saying was that, whatever the theoretical shortcomings that made it so unpopular with a generation obsessed with political and constitutional theory, the old unreformed British Constitution had worked better than any other in human history. In the century and a half since the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688, Britain had known a prosperity, a freedom and a strength, to say nothing of a wonderful artistic, intellectual and scientific achievement, that had made her the wonder and envy of the world. However illogical and in need of reform her Constitution, it worked. And if the practical object of a Constitution—and it is difficult to see what other it can have—is to produce Governments and a system in which men of the highest talent, integrity, patriotism and practical ability serve and guide the nation at the summit, Britain could scarcely have had a more effective one. By working standards there could not have been much wrong with a system that in the past half-century had brought into Parliament or into the highest offices of State men of the talent of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Wilberforce, Castlereagh, Canning, Romilly, Mansfield, Grey, Brougham, Cornwallis, Collingwood, Jervis, Nelson, John Moore, and Wellington himself.

One of the great virtues of that old English system and Constitution was its remarkable elasticity. Whatever its logical imperfections, it allowed room for talent, virtue, and, what in government is as important as either—common sense—to find their proper level. Can we be quite as sure, for all its high egalitarian pretensions, that our present far more rigid system does as much? Can we claim, as the champion of that older and now derided system justly could, that theory is usually sacrificed to sensible practice when it can not be made to work otherwise? A curious illustration of the degree to which we are to-day wedded to a contrary principle has been afforded in recent weeks by the controversy about the rating of that remarkable institution, the London Library.

Founded largely through the advocacy of a poor man of genius and a life-long champion of the virtues of hard work, the London Library in its 116 years has probably done more in practice to advance the cause of literature and learning in this country than any other single and comparable institution, scholastic or academic. It has enabled generations of British writers, savants and thinkers, at every stage of their career, particularly the penurious and laborious early ones, to obtain the loan of the working tools of their trade—books of quality and books in abundance, and in their own studies—without which their work of national scholarship and education would have been impossible without

these days it costs the State and the municipality in which it is housed not a single penny of the taxpayer's and ratepayer's money. And yet, with a blindness and rigidity that would have made even an eighteenth-century Spanish bureaucrat blush, those who operate the fiscal system of that State and municipality are doing their best to impose on the Library a fiscal burden that must inevitably destroy its usefulness and bring its work to an end. They are doing so, according to their own professions, because it does not lie within their capacity to interpret the wise law that has hitherto operated in the Library's favour and made its existence and work possible in any other way but one that will extinguish its life.

The immunity that the Library has enjoyed from rates for the past century, those who handle the publicity of the Westminster City Council have now announced, has been based on a misinterpretation of the law by the Council and its past officers, and a ruling has therefore been sought from the Courts which, unless reversed by a higher Court, must make, under our present destructive scale of taxation, the educative work of such a privately sustained body as the London Library impossible. "The City Council," it is stated, "has no power at all to relieve the Library from rates unless it is an organisation covered by the Scientific Societies Act, 1843, or Section 8 of the Rating and Valuation Act 1955. Whether the London Library is such an organisation is a matter of law, and if it is not, the City Council is legally bound to collect rates in full."* For it seems that, despite the enlightened belief of previous Councils, that the London Library was exempted from the obligation to pay rates by the Scientific Societies Act, the Inland Revenue authorities—that is, the officials of the Inland Revenue authority—when they prepared the new valuation list which came into force last year, "believing that this right could not be sustained in the light of recent decisions in the courts, included the Library (along with several other bodies which had also been enjoying immunity) in the new valuation list. The question at issue, therefore, has simply been whether or not the London Library has a statutory right to relief from rates. This is a legal question, and the cultural outlook of the members of the City Council has no bearing on the matter." Nor, apparently, has the survival of an institution which for a hundred years has enabled students and men of letters and scholarship to educate themselves through books and carry out their work of educating and enlightening the public. All kinds of arguments were produced during the hearing of the rating appeal to prove that the London Library did not do the work which every student and man of letters and learning who has used it knows it does do. The practical question was never considered of what would happen to the Library and that work if the contention of the Inland Revenue Authorities and the Westminster City Council was successful. Both operated, as public authorities increasingly, and indeed now almost uniformly, act, in blinkers.

A DÜRER DISCOVERED IN NORFOLK.



NOW IDENTIFIED AS THE WORK OF ALBRECHT DÜRER: "ST. JEROME IN PENITENCE BEFORE A CRUCIFIX," A PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR EDMUND BACON, WHICH WAS PREVIOUSLY ATTRIBUTED TO CAROTO.

This small panel in the collection of Sir Edmund Bacon, of Raveningham Hall, near Norwich, has for many years been attributed to the minor Veronese artist Giovanni Francesco Caroto. On seeing a photograph of it in a reference library Mr. David Carritt was strongly reminded of the work of the great German master, Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528). His examination of the panel, and the confirmation of other experts, have identified it as an early work painted by Dürer in the 1490's. The painting is now on temporary loan to the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Only measuring 8½ by 6½ ins. it is in excellent condition and is considered to be of the very highest quality.

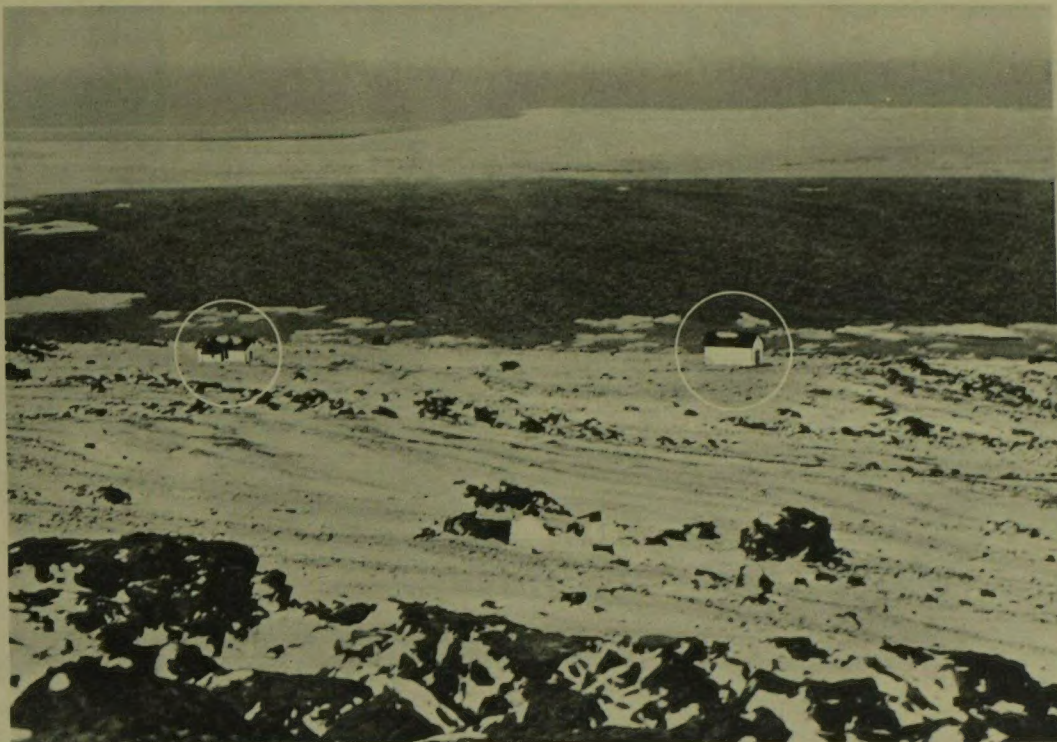
the possession of large private libraries of their own. I doubt if there is a single man of learning or culture in Great Britain to-day who could be found to say a word against the London Library, and there must be thousands who would be prepared to testify to the incalculable debt they owe to its great store of fine books and its generous and magnificently administered loan-service that enables the scholar or student to do his work with the essential tools of his trade around him. No other library, public or private, that I know of, offers anything comparable to it. And even in

* The Times, September 4, 1957.

THROUGH THE DEEP-WATER NORTH-WEST PASSAGE WITH H.M.C.S. LABRADOR.



THE TWO SURVIVING BUILDINGS OF FORT ROSS AT THE EAST END OF BELLOT STRAIT, USED BY H.M.C.S. LABRADOR AS A SHORE HEADQUARTERS DURING THE SURVEY OF THE CHANNEL.



FORT ROSS, AN ABANDONED HUDSON'S BAY TRADING POST ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN TIP OF SOMERSET ISLAND AND AT THE EASTERN ENTRANCE TO BELLOT STRAIT.



IN BELLOT STRAIT: LOOKING BACK FROM H.M.C.S. LABRADOR TO U.S.S. KANKAKEE, U.S.N.S. MEMPHIS AND THE ICE-BREAKER EDISTO.



THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE: A ROUGH MAP SHOWING THE ROUTES OF AMUNDSEN, THE R.C.M.P. SCHOONER ST. ROCH, AND LABRADOR'S 1954 PASSAGE.



DURING THE SURVEY OF THE BELLOT STRAIT DEEPWATER CHANNEL: A BELL H.T.L. HELICOPTER PAUSING ON THE SHORE OF THE STRAIT (IN THE BACKGROUND).

As reported in our last issue, it was announced on August 27 that the Royal Canadian Navy's Arctic patrol vessel *Labrador* (6026 tons), under the command of Captain T. C. Pullen, had discovered and surveyed a deep-water channel between Somerset Island and the Boothia Peninsula—and has so solved the problem which so exercised the imagination and the efforts of the great Victorian Arctic explorers. The eastern end of the strait, by the boiling waters



H.M.C.S. LABRADOR, WITH THE LARGEST ICEBERG SHE ENCOUNTERED DURING TWO YEARS. IT HAD AN ESTIMATED WEIGHT OF 13,500,000 TONS.

of Magpie Rock, were expected to be the most difficult part of the passage, but this was successfully surveyed and negotiated on August 23-24 and marks were set up. The total passage is 20 miles and the minimum depth for the whole of it is 50 ft. *Labrador* was operating with a draught of 28.5 ft. but this could be reduced to 26 ft. by pumping ballast. Two helicopters were used in the operations; and *Labrador* also carried a sounding boat called *Pogo*.

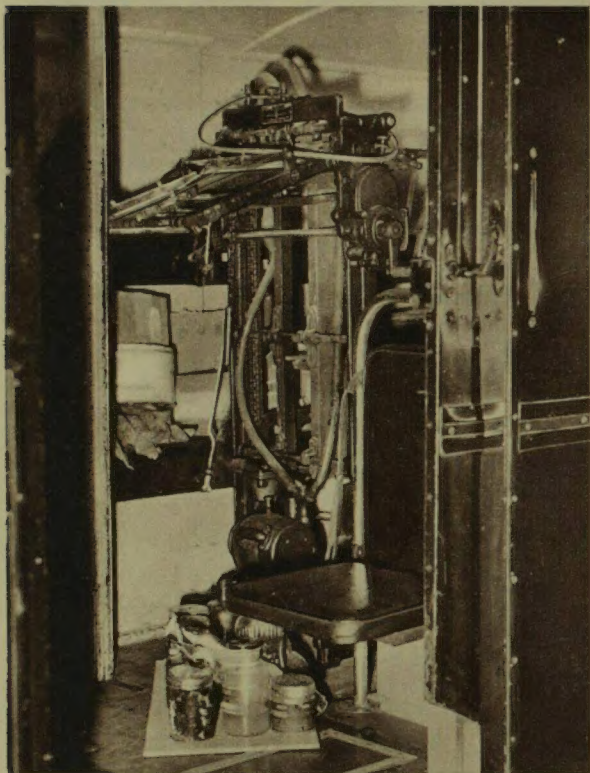
HOME NEWS: "BATTLE OF BRITAIN" SUNDAY; AND OTHER ITEMS.



AT THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN DISPLAY ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE, LONDON: A THUNDERBIRD SURFACE-TO-AIR GUIDED WEAPON AND A VAMPIRE T. MK. II TRAINER (LEFT) WHICH WERE ON VIEW TO THE PUBLIC.



ON THE SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN: MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. SIR JOHN SALMOND TAKING THE SALUTE AT A LONDON PARADE. "Battle of Britain" Sunday was observed on September 15 with ceremonial parades and religious services to mark the great victory of the "Few" seventeen years ago. After a special service in Westminster Abbey there was a parade in Birdcage Walk.



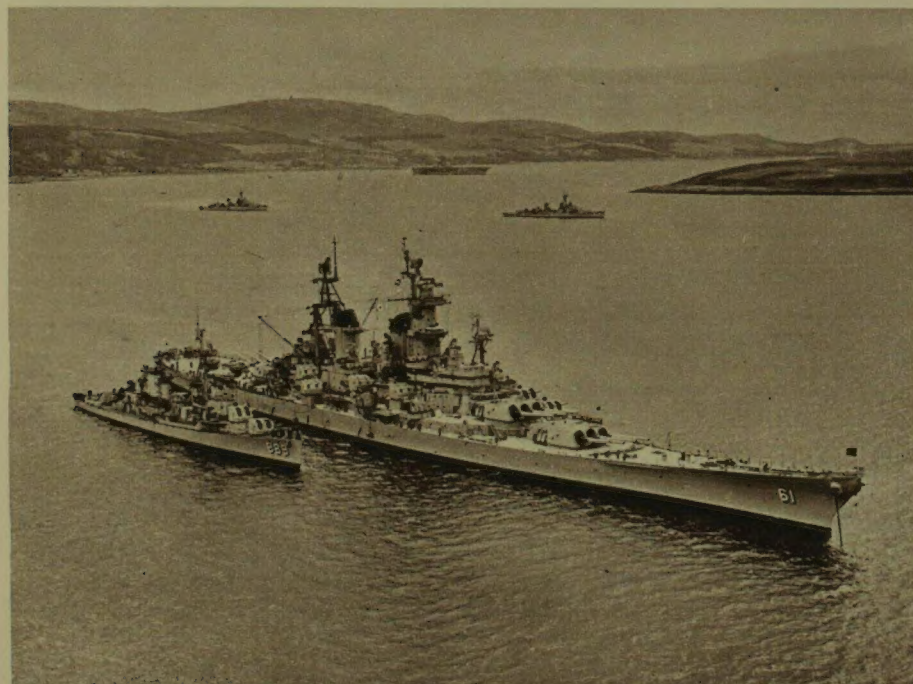
SEIZED BY THE POLICE: EQUIPMENT SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED IN THE FORGING OF £5 NOTES. On September 14 two men and two women at South Western Magistrates' Court, London, were remanded in custody for a week charged with being concerned together with having in their possession 123 £5 Bank of England notes knowing them to be forged. Earlier the police visited a house in Wandsworth where they found forgery equipment.



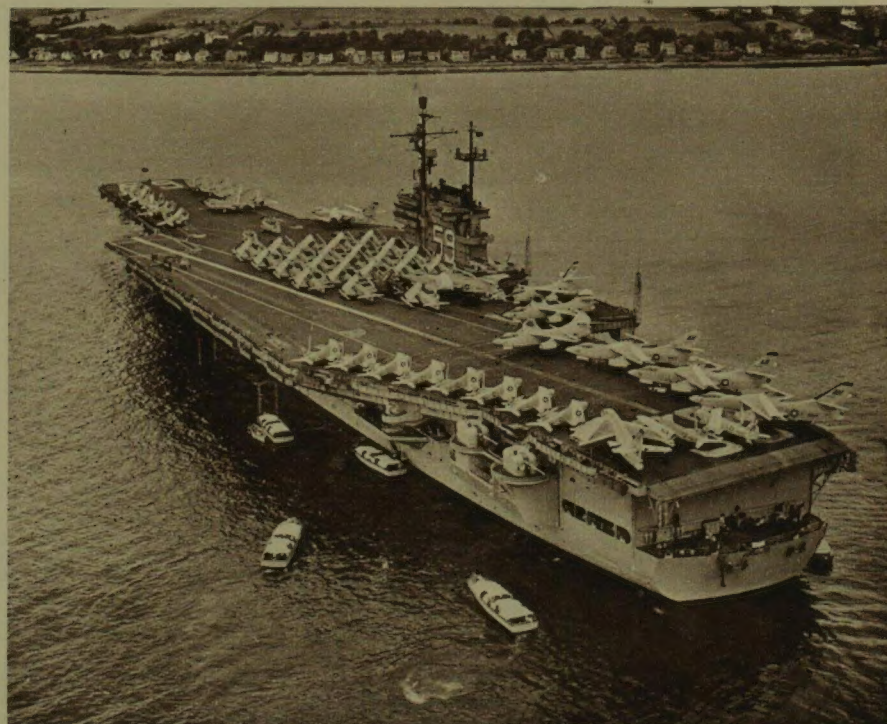
DEDICATED AT BIGGIN HILL, KENT, ON BATTLE OF BRITAIN SUNDAY: A FONT CAST IN ALUMINIUM. This font, presented by the R.A.F. Association, was dedicated at Biggin Hill on September 15. It incorporates three 800-year-old Crusaders' swords. Our photograph shows Mr. H. Wilkinson (with beard), who made the font, looking at it with Wing-Comdr. P. D. Thompson, the Station Commander.



AFTER A MID-AIR COLLISION: THE WRECKAGE OF THE TAIL OF A NAVAL WHIRLWIND HELICOPTER NEAR A HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE. THE TWO OCCUPANTS WERE KILLED WHEN IT CRASHED AFTER COLLIDING WITH A HAWKER HUNTER JET FIGHTER.

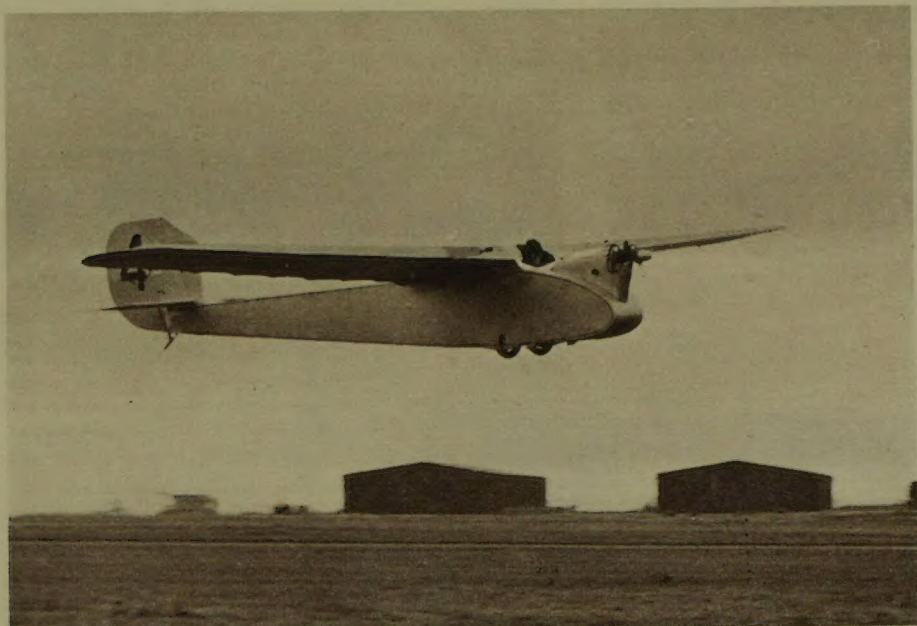


ASSEMBLING ON THE CLYDE FOR THE N.A.T.O. EXERCISE "STRIKE-BACK": THE U.S. BATTLESHIP IOWA AND THE U.S. RADAR PICKET DESTROYER O'HARE. On September 15 seventy-eight British and United States warships were assembled in various parts of the Clyde in readiness for the N.A.T.O. sea-air exercise "Strike-Back" which was to begin on September 19. The ships included six aircraft-carriers, two battleships, and six cruisers.



AMERICAN NAVAL MIGHT IN THE CLYDE: THE GIANT U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER FORRESTAL AT HER MOORINGS IN, READINESS FOR THE N.A.T.O. EXERCISE.

A ROYAL SEE-SAW; AND RECENT NEWS IN PICTURES FROM ENGLAND AND ARKANSAS.



35 YEARS OLD AND STILL FLYING: THE LAST ENGLISH ELECTRIC WREN, WHICH HAS JOINED THE SHUTTLEWORTH TRUST'S VETERAN AIRCRAFT COLLECTION. The Wren was built in 1922 by English Electric as a light trainer with a top speed of 50 m.p.h., placed in the Science Museum in 1924, returned to the company just after the war and rebuilt by them in 1956 at the request of the Shuttleworth Trust for their collection at Old Warden.



ALMOST COMPLETED AND A "SKYSCRAPER" BY LONDON STANDARDS: THE INSTITUTE OF MARINE ENGINEERS' WAR MEMORIAL BUILDING IN FENCHURCH STREET, IN THE CITY.

This building in the City of London, which is to be opened by the Queen in October, is 148 ft. high, consists of 14 storeys and has 756 windows. Despite its modernity, it will, nevertheless, incorporate a public-house in the ground floor.

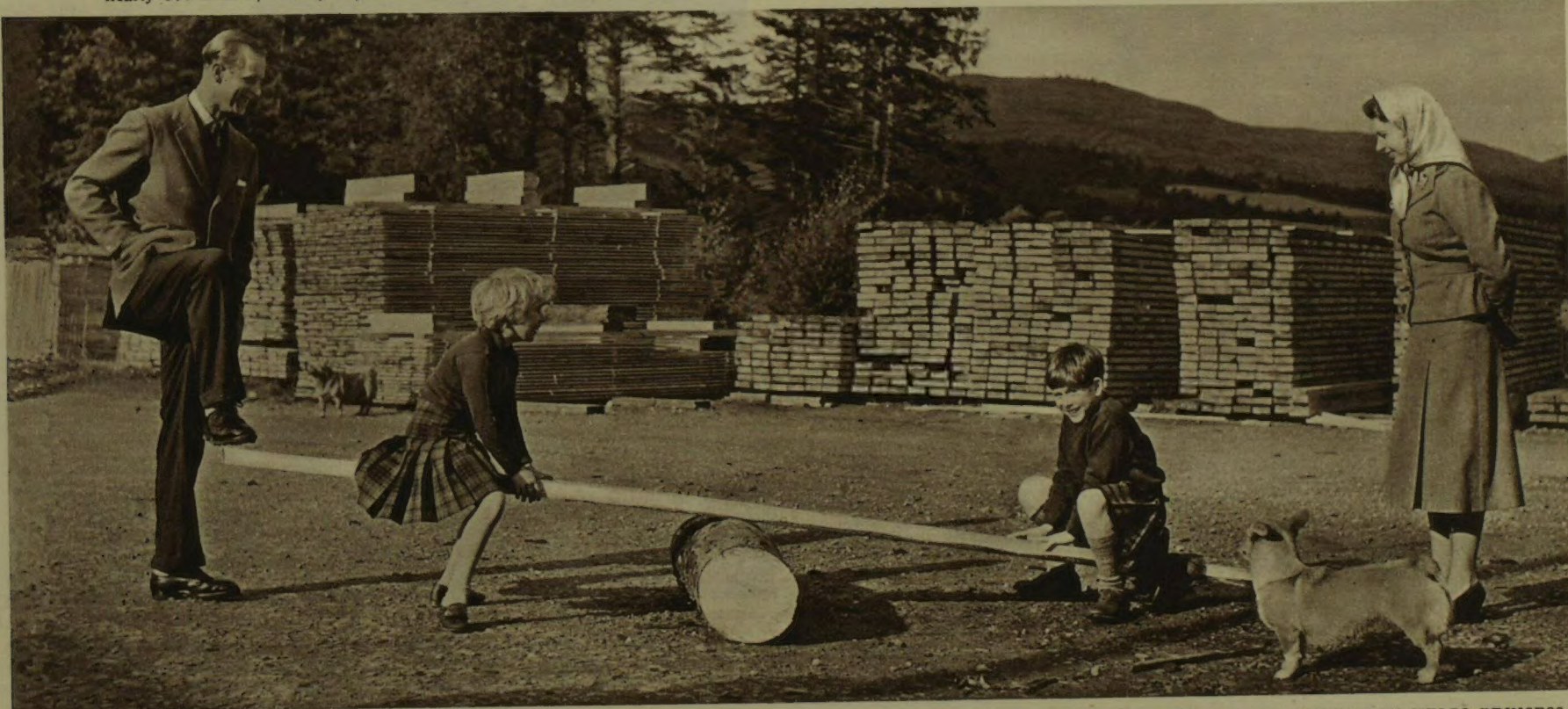


WHERE A CHASM OPENED IN THE STREET AND SOME FIFTEEN HOUSES COLLAPSED "IN SLOW MOTION": THE DEVASTATION IN FYLDE STREET, FARNWORTH, LANCs. On September 12 a chasm opened in Fylde Street, Farnworth—due, it is believed, to the collapse of a main sewer—and gradually affected a wide area. Some 400 people were evacuated from nearly 100 houses; and by September 13 fifteen houses had collapsed.



RECEIVING A SUMMONS TO APPEAR AT A HEARING: GOVERNOR FAUBUS (LEFT) WELCOMING THE MARSHAL WHO DELIVERED THE WRIT.

On September 10 Governor Faubus, whose action in defying the integration ruling in Little Rock, capital of Arkansas, has caused widespread concern, received a summons to a hearing on Sep. 20. On Sep. 14 Mr. Faubus had a two-hour meeting with President Eisenhower.



A ROYAL SEE-SAW—IN A SAW-MILL ON THE BALMORAL ESTATE. WHILE THE QUEEN AND HER CORGI LOOK ON, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH HELPS PRINCESS ANNE TO RAISE HER BROTHER'S WEIGHT. BOTH OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN ARE WEARING THE KILT.

OF all the statesmen who practise the art of balancing in world affairs President Tito may claim to be the cleverest and, so far, the most successful. He has been the close friend of Russia; he has flirted with the West; and he has now returned to something like his former relations with the East. That is a broad outline. If one were to trace his moves and utterances in detail one would produce, in place of the bold and simple graph, a much more jagged one, with some resemblance to the morning and evening temperature chart of a feverish patient in hospital. Not that the Yugoslav dictator is subject to high temperatures. He is cool and careful. Yet he adapts himself rapidly to outside temperatures.

We tend to forget his past history. He did not leave the Russian camp of his own accord, but was cast forth from it. What is more, his first reaction was not defiance but earnest prayers to be taken back into the society from which he had been ejected, together with assertions that he had been misunderstood by his old friends. It was only after he had found the door firmly barred that he began to move in the other direction. For some time he appeared to be in danger. Threats poured in upon him. Troops manœuvred provocatively on his frontiers. The peril passed, though not until there had been serious discussion as to whether an attack on Yugoslavia ought to be resisted by the West. His swing was emphasised. He appealed for economic aid. He received Western arms. He joined the Balkan Pact.

Some two years ago he began the journey back, but occasionally halted to blow kisses over his shoulder to those he left behind him. These have ceased. He has perhaps moved as far as he intends to go, but of that we can not be sure. It is possible to muster arguments in defence of these manœuvres. From the first he was determined that the Communism which he professed and which he imposed on his country should be national in type. No one can assert that this was or is a dishonourable aim. Stalin's Russia was not, however, prepared to put up with this. A satellite was a satellite. Even now the policy is not popular with the Kremlin and is not tolerated in countries within easier reach of its arm. But it would appear that the present Russian rulers are prepared to countenance the mild heresy, anyhow for the time being.

He hung back over the conclusion of the Balkan Pact, which was at the time ardently desired by Turkey. It is well known that Greece, in the days of Papagos, acted as honest broker in bringing it about. It is not suggested that President Tito entered the pact in any way against his will; he was, doubtless, weighing the pros and cons and considering the alternatives. Thereafter there seems to have been a period of reasonable harmony and some military planning. Then the situation changed when both Greece and Turkey, his partners in the pact, became members of the North Atlantic Treaty. We do not know whether or not he disliked this move on their part, but it seems to have changed the significance of the pact for him.

He may well reflect to-day that this significance has taken the form of a decline. The deterioration

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. PORTRAIT OF A TRIMMER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

of the relations between Greece and Turkey, due to their conflict over Cyprus, has of course weakened the pact, just as it has also created anxiety about their rôle in N.A.T.O. The Greek Government went so far as to consult its military advisers about the possibility of leaving N.A.T.O., though it accepted their view that this would be a mistake and has since played its full part as a member.

It cannot be regarded as certain that the new Russo-Yugoslav friendship will last, still less that it will remain smooth. The Russian intervention in Hungary last year was strongly resented in Yugoslavia, and even if it has ceased to be an open grievance it has not been forgotten. On the other hand, Yugoslavia was exceptionally hostile to Britain over the Suez crisis and follows the German line over the reunification of Germany. The volume of trade between Britain and Yugoslavia is not great, so that they lack the link which trade often provides. Yet the welcome given to Mr. Lloyd appears to have been friendly enough and was certainly heralded by the Press in an amicable manner.

Despite President Tito's recession, the relations between his country and the West, certainly with the United Kingdom, remain different from those with the out-and-out satellites. Tito has made some sort of bargain with the Russians, and if they were to break it he would doubtless move again. He may be a trimmer, but he is not a timid one. And he has displayed, as I have suggested, a consistency of a sort, though we find it hard to realise the fact. Where we erred was in taking his western move as a sign that he was sloughing off his Communism. He has deviated in some respects, but never from Communism itself. Mihailovic perhaps saw him more clearly than anyone, and suffered death for his perspicacity.

Looking into the future is not a profitable enterprise where a figure such as Tito is concerned. The most likely line for British and Yugoslav relations to follow for some time to come is one of a cool tolerance. At the time of Mr. Lloyd's visit the Belgrade newspapers tacitly recognised that the Suez incident belonged to the past and that there were no unsettled differences between the two countries. That is true enough. In fact, it is hardly possible to have deep differences where, on the one hand, there is no strong hostility on either side, and, on the other, only the slightest contacts. We can be pretty certain that Mr. Lloyd regarded his visit in a practical and business-like way and did not make the mistake of trying to cast spells upon the Yugoslav Government.

Whatever his future, President Tito has accomplished enough in

the past twenty years to provide an interesting subject for historians. One cannot doubt that they will find him, despite an element of vanity in his composition, a considerable and formidable figure. He has impressed nearly everyone who has met him, and long acquaintance has increased rather than diminished his stature in the eyes of friends and observers.



THE FIRST BRITANNIA 312 TO BE DELIVERED TO B.O.A.C.: THE AIRCRAFT AT LONDON AIRPORT AFTER IT HAD BEEN FLOWN THERE FROM FILTON, NEAR BRISTOL, IN TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE SOME SHORT-RANGE BRITANNIAS.

When British Overseas Airways Corporation took over their first Britannia 312 at London Airport on September 10 Mr. Gerard d'Erlanger, the chairman of B.O.A.C., was handed the aircraft's flight manual by Mr. Walter Gibb, the Bristol Aircraft Company's chief test pilot. The Britannia had been flown from Filton, near Bristol, by Captain A. Meagher, who is to be deputy flying manager of the 312 Flight and who can be seen in this photograph (in uniform). Also in this photograph is Mr. Basil Smallpeice, the Managing Director of B.O.A.C. (right).

This month Greek forces are engaged in important N.A.T.O. manœuvres. It is probable that, despite indifferent relations with Turkey, Greece is now more at her ease about N.A.T.O. than about the Balkan Pact.

Thus the visit of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, to Belgrade in early September took place in circumstances very different to those prevailing when an invitation was given—actually to Mr. Macmillan, then at the Foreign Office—upwards of two years ago. It would be futile to imagine that such a renewal of contact could change the course taken by President Tito. Too much water has flowed under Westminster Bridge since he stood on the bank of the Thames. It is none the less a good thing that the visit should have taken place. Mr. Lloyd has had the opportunity of assuring both President Tito and his Foreign Minister, Mr. Popovic, that Britain's aim is peace.



STANDING BY THE STEPS OF THE BRITANNIA AT LONDON AIRPORT: MR. WALTER GIBB, THE BRISTOL AIRCRAFT COMPANY'S CHIEF TEST PILOT, HANDING MR. GERARD D'ERLANGER, CHAIRMAN OF B.O.A.C., THE BRITANNIA'S FLIGHT MANUAL.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



BERLIN. OPENED ON SEPTEMBER 14: THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT BERLIN—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SITE WITH THE NEW HALL BUILT FOR THE EXHIBITION OF HEAVY ENGINES IN THE BACKGROUND.



OFF GREENLAND. TRAPPED AND CRUSHED IN THE ICE: THE NORWEGIAN SUPPLY SHIP *POLARBJØRN*. On August 14 the Norwegian supply ship *Polarbjørn* became trapped in the ice off the eastern coast of Greenland. The crew of 23—some of them are seen standing on the ice—were rescued by a helicopter after the hull of the vessel had been crushed by the ice.



WEST GERMANY. A CEREMONY INSIDE WESTERN GERMANY'S FIRST ATOMIC REACTOR, AT GARCHING. With the arrival of thirty-nine natural uranium bars from the United States, it is expected that the atomic reactor built at Garching, in Bavaria, will soon be coming into operation. The reactor is the first to have been completed in the Federal German Republic.



MALAYA. AT THEIR FIRST MEETING: THE CABINET OF THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA. The Cabinet of Malaya is shown during its first meeting at Kuala Lumpur on September 10: (seated, l. to r.) Enche Abdul Aziz Bin Ishak, Minister for Agriculture; V. T. Sambanthan, Health; Dato Abdul Razak Bin Dato Hussein, Deputy Premier and Minister for Defence; Tunku Abdul Rahman Putra, Prime Minister and Minister for External Affairs; Colonel Sir Henry Hau-Shik Lee, Finance; Enche Suleiman Bin Dato Abdul Rahman, Interior and Justice; Enche Sardon Bin Haji Jubir, Works, Posts and Telecommunications; (standing, l. to r.) Ong Yoke Lin, Labour and Social Welfare; Enche Abdul Rahman Bin Haji Talib Transport; Enche Mohamed Khir Bin Johari, Education; Tan Siew Sin, Commerce and Industry; and Enche Bahaman Bin Shamsuddin, Natural Resources.



TURKEY. AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FLOODS IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF ANKARA: THE TURKISH PREMIER AND OTHER OFFICIALS WATCHING THE WATERS FLOW THROUGH MAMAK. Some 104 people were reported killed when heavy flood waters from the surrounding mountains descended on Ankara on September 11, and submerged many outlying districts of the city. The floods were caused when the swollen Hatib River overflowed its banks.



WEST GERMANY. SOON TO BE OPENED TO TRAFFIC: THE WAGENBURG TUNNEL RUNNING UNDER THE RIVER NECKAR, NEAR STUTTGART WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY BEGUN IN 1941 AND IS MORE THAN HALF A MILE LONG.



THAILAND. STUDYING A MODEL OF A DAM TO BE BUILT IN THAILAND WITH THE AID OF A LOAN FROM THE WORLD BANK: TWO THAI TRAINEES AT DENVER, COLORADO. On Sept. 12 the World Bank announced a loan of 66 million dollars for the construction in Thailand of the 500-ft.-high Bhumiphol Dam. The U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, which built this model at Denver, has been the consultant on the design of the dam.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



LA CIOTAT, FRANCE. VOLUNTEERS AND FIREMEN FIGHTING A SERIOUS FOREST FIRE WHICH DESTROYED 1200 ACRES OF PINES AND SCRUB. On September 13 a serious forest fire destroyed a large area of pines and scrub at La Ciotat, near Marseilles, and caused the death of one man. Another forest fire, in Corsica, caused the death of four people. Similar fires also broke out behind Nice.



BERLIN. AT THE OLYMPIC STADIUM IN WEST BERLIN: A CROWD OF SOME 110,000 BERLINERS WATCHING THE TENTH ANNUAL POLICE SHOW, WHICH INCLUDED ATHLETICS, GYMNASTICS AND TRICK RIDING.



MUNICH, WEST GERMANY. A GERMAN AIRCRAFT BOUGHT FROM FRANCE FOR A MUSEUM: (LEFT) DR. MEYER AND THE FRENCH AIR ATTACHE, M. WIRTH.



MUNICH, WEST GERMANY. AN OLD JU-52, THE LUFTWAFFE'S STANDARD TRANSPORT, BOUGHT FOR ONE FRANC FROM THE FRENCH AIR FORCE FOR A MUNICH MUSEUM. On September 12 the Director-General of the Deutsches Museum, Munich, Dr. Otto Meyer, paid the sum of one franc to M. Frédéric Wirth, the French Air Attaché in Bonn, on behalf of the French Air Force, for an old Junkers 52 which will become part of the Museum's air exhibition early next year.



BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA. DURING A GOODWILL VISIT TO THE ARGENTINE CAPITAL: THE CARRIER, H.M.S. *WARRIOR*, WITH H.M.S. *LYNX*. On her return from the Pacific, where she has been acting as H.Q. ship for the Christmas Island atomic tests, H.M.S. *Warrior* was joined in the Atlantic by the frigates *Lynx* and *Mounts Bay* for a series of visits to South American ports, starting at Buenos Aires (Sept. 7-12).



TIBESTI, EAST SAHARA. A ROCK DRAWING—A BULL BETWEEN TWO ARCHERS—FOUND IN NORTH TIBESTI BY A RECENT FRENCH ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. The third season of the French Mission Hoggar-Tibesti, which has been investigating cave and rock drawings in the Sahara, has recently ended. Paintings and carvings have been found in very great numbers and seem to cover in date some 10,000 years.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



THE U.S.A. IN THE YANKEE STADIUM, NEW YORK: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HUGE ALTAR ERECTED FOR THE MASS OF THANKSGIVING IN HONOUR OF CARDINAL SPELLMAN.

On September 9 the Yankee Stadium in New York was the scene of a Pontifical Mass of thanksgiving in honour of Cardinal Spellman, Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his installation as a Bishop. Seen on either side of the altar in this photograph are prominent prelates, including Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, who attended the service. Instead of the usual roaring baseball fans there was a congregation numbering some 50,000 people which included men and women prominent in many spheres of civil and political life.

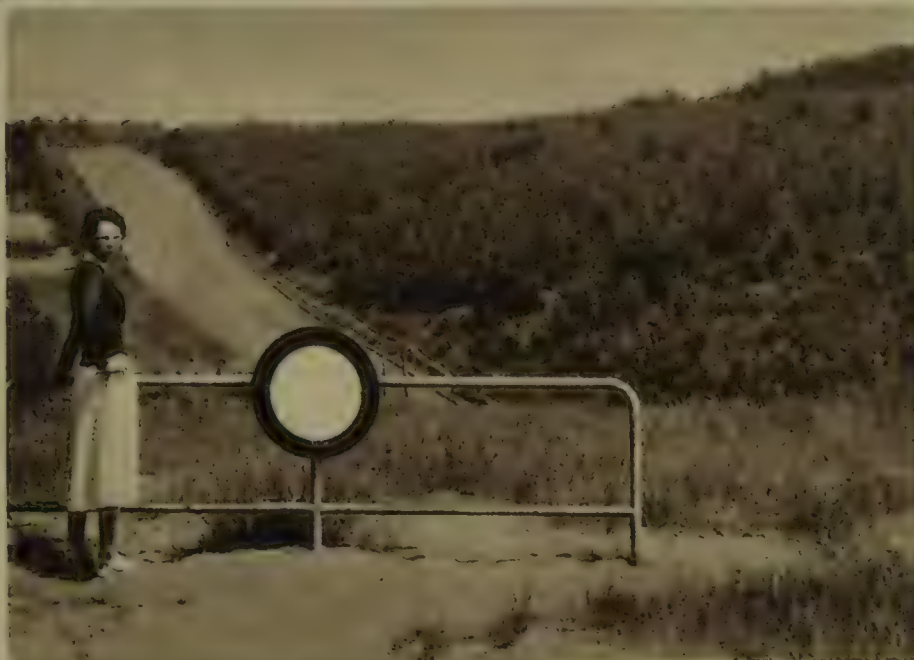
(Right.)
NICARAGUA.
DURING A RECENT
ERUPTION: A HUGE
COLUMN OF SMOKE
AND MOLTEN LAVA
GUSHING OUT OF
CERRO NEGRO,
A VOLCANO NEAR
MANAGUA,
THE CAPITAL OF
NICARAGUA.



YUGOSLAVIA. IN BELGRADE DURING THEIR VISIT: MR. GOMULKA AND MR. CYRANKIEWICZ (RIGHT), THE POLISH PRIME MINISTER, WITH MARSHAL TITO (LEFT) Leaders of two Communist countries no longer dominated by Russia have been meeting during the visit to Yugoslavia of Mr. Gomulka, the Polish Communist Party leader, and Mr. Cyrankiewicz, the Prime Minister of Poland, which began on September 10.



ITALY. AT CASTELGANDOLFO: POPE PIUS XII WITH A GROUP OF LEADING MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS WHOM HE RECEIVED IN SPECIAL AUDIENCE. Following the recent "Extraordinary Congregation"—the sixth to be held in 400 years—of the Order of the Society of Jesus (Jesuits), which was assembled in Rome at the beginning of September, the Pope received leading members of the Society at a special audience held at Castelgandolfo.



THE IRON CURTAIN. BETWEEN WEST AND EAST GERMANY, NEAR LUBECK: A LONELY TRACK KEPT UNDER SURVEILLANCE TO STOP REFUGEES CROSSING THE BORDER. This small track on the Eastern side of the border is kept ankle-deep in soft earth with mechanical scrapers and is patrolled daily for any sign of footprints. Hidden machine-gun nests and sentries add to the risks incurred by refugees trying to escape through the Iron Curtain at this point.



AUSTRALIA. ON HIS ARRIVAL IN CANBERRA FOR HIS STATE VISIT: THE PRESIDENT OF VIET NAM INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR. President Ngo Dinh Diem of Viet Nam, the first head of a foreign State to pay an official visit to Australia, arrived in Canberra by air on September 2. The President was greeted at the airport by Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister, and by Sir William Slim, the Governor-General.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



PELLA, GREECE. COLUMN DRUMS LAID BARE NEAR SALONIKA, WHERE A CHANCE DISCOVERY HAS LED TO EXCAVATIONS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S CAPITAL.



SCULPTURE FROM THE FIRST SEASON'S EXCAVATIONS AT PELLA: (LEFT) A FIGURE OF A GREYHOUND AND TWO STELÆ; AND (RIGHT) A SEATED DRAPED HUMAN FIGURE.



DIONYSOS ON A PANTHER: A PEBBLE MOSAIC—PERHAPS THE FINEST OF ALL KNOWN ANCIENT MOSAICS—RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT PELLA.

In May two fluted column drums were found by chance in a basement excavation beside the Salonika-Edessa high road near the branch to modern Pella. Since then a Greek archaeological team under Dr. Photios Petsas, Director of Antiquities at Salonika, has discovered there a number of buildings of about 2300 years ago, which may be confidently identified with ancient Pella, the birthplace and capital of Alexander the Great. In a building which seems to have been an official building, a number of fine pebble mosaic floors have been discovered. Further excavation on a near-by site has revealed a building which may be a palace.

The American supply of arms to Jordan began on September 9, when eight huge aircraft, *Globemasters* and *Flying Boxcars*, after circling Amman for about fifteen minutes, landed at the airport and began unloading their cargo. This comprised some forty military vehicles, each mounted with a 106 mm. recoil-less rifle—a weapon capable of destroying any armoured vehicle in the world—a quantity of machine-guns and supplies of ammunition. Most members of the Jordan Government were present at the occasion. Drilling for oil by an American company about 30 miles from Amman began on July 3, and has now reached a depth of some 4000 ft.



SAFRA, JORDAN. A PROJECT WHICH MAY ALTER JORDAN'S WHOLE ECONOMY: A DRILLING TEAM OF THE AMERICAN PAULEY OIL EXPLORATION COMPANY.



AMMAN, JORDAN. FIRST ARRIVALS IN THE AMERICAN AIR-LIFT OF ARMS FOR JORDAN: A VEHICLE WITH RECOIL-LESS RIFLE DISEMBARKING FROM A GLOBEMASTER.



WITH AMERICA'S FIRST CONSIGNMENT OF ARMS TO JORDAN: JORDAN'S CHIEF OF STAFF (LEFT), GENERAL HABES MAJALY, WITH THE U.S. MILITARY ATTACHE.

TRANSPORT TROLLEYS FOR THE ARMY.

ON September 10 men of the 25th Field Regiment, R.A., gave a demonstration at Bulford of several kinds of trolley which have been devised by the 1st Infantry Division for the transport of stores by infantrymen and others. The trolleys, which consist of a galvanised wire frame supported by a tubular metal basket and mounted on two detachable wheels, are very light and easily manœuvrable. Their purpose is to make the small unit independent of motor transport and roads, and thus to reduce the number of men and vehicles behind the man at the front, without weakening his ability to fight.

(Right.) NOT SOUNDING RE-VEILLE, BUT INFLATING A BUOYANCY BAG: A FEATURE OF THE NEW TROLLEYS BEING DEMONSTRATED.



DEMONSTRATING THE LIGHTNESS OF THE TROLLEYS: TWO N.C.O.'S EASILY LIFTING ONE OF THE TROLLEYS, WHICH CAN CARRY LOADS OF UP TO 4 CWT.



KEPT AFLOAT WITH TWO BUOYANCY BAGS: TWO MEN PADDLING ONE OF THE TROLLEYS ACROSS A STRETCH OF WATER DURING THE DEMONSTRATIONS.

INVASION BY JELLYFISH: A NEW DANGER.



SPOTTING THE DANGEROUS INVADERS FROM THE PROMENADE: HOLIDAY-MAKERS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR AT HASTINGS.



AT HASTINGS: A BEACH INSPECTOR ERECTING A NOTICE WARNING WOULD-BE BATHERS OF THE PRESENCE OF DANGEROUS JELLYFISH.



RESEMBLING "AN INFLATED BLUE PLASTIC BAG": A PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR (PHYSALIA), A JELLYFISH WHOSE STING CAN BE LETHAL.

NOTICES warning the public against bathing or paddling because of the presence of dangerous jellyfish known as the Portuguese Man-of-War were recently issued in resorts along the South and South-East Coasts of England. This jellyfish is essentially a warm-water species and only rarely penetrates as far as Britain. It gets its name from the fact that it floats ship-like on the sea showing a sail-like crest. Hanging from the bladder which keeps it afloat is a bunch of polyps of different kinds. The most prominent of these are the long fishing tentacles which are equipped with stinging cells which inject poison fluid when they come in contact with a fish or an unwary swimmer. The sting is extremely painful and long lasting, and although it is not normally lethal it could cause death through shock. Children have been warned not to pick up any jellyfish on the beach and dog owners have been told to keep their pets away.

FROM SÎN TO SALADIN: EXCAVATIONS IN HARRÂN'S GREAT MOSQUE, WITH NEW LIGHT ON THE BABYLONIAN KING NABONIDUS AND HIS 104-YEAR-OLD MOTHER.

By D. S. RICE, D.Lit., D. De l'U., F.S.A., Reader in Islamic Art and Archaeology in the University of London.

(The finds described here were made during a two-week season in 1952, sponsored by the Walker Trust of St. Andrews, and a three-week season in 1956, sponsored by the British Academy, the Walker Trust and the Leverhulme Trust. The excavations were directed by the author, who was assisted in 1956 by Dr. D. E. Strong, now Assistant Keeper in the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities of the British Museum. The work was carried out under the auspices of the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara. The representative of the Turkish Department of Antiquities, on both occasions, was Bayan Sabahat Arat, Director of the Museum of Gaziantep. All the photographs are by the writer, and his copyright is reserved.)

ANCIENT Harran is of interest to students of many periods of Near Eastern history and to students of the history of religions. The first mention of the city occurs on a tablet found at Mari and datable to c. 1750 B.C. It records that a treaty signed with the turbulent tribe of the Bene Yamina (the Benjaminites, or their first cousins) was sealed and solemnly deposited in the temple of the Moon god Sîn at Harran. When Terah took his family with him from Ur of the Chaldees and journeyed to Harran (Gen. XI, 31), he was merely leaving a city in which the Moon god was the chief deity for another city of this god (Nannar and Sîn are synonymous). Terah's son Abraham continued to migrate south-westwards, but his other son, Nahor, settled at Harran, which is also referred to in the Biblical accounts as "the city of Nahor" or "Padan Aram" (*padānu* and its synonym *kharrānu* mean "road"). The names aptly describe the location of Harran (Fig. 1) on a vital cross-road at which the major highways of ancient Mesopotamia and Syria intersected. It is at Harran, "without the city, by a well of water," that the idyllic encounter between Jacob and Rachel took place (Gen. XXIX, 10); this is the well, which even to-day provides the only supply of drinking water in the area.

During the First Millennium B.C. a good deal is recorded about the great temple of the Moon god at Harran, known by its Sumerian name, E Khul-Khul (the Temple of Rejoicing). Two Assyrian kings and one Babylonian restored it. Shalmaneser III (859-824 B.C.) was responsible for the first rebuilding. Assurbanipal, two centuries later (668-628 B.C.), found that the walls had crumbled from old age. He restored the edifice and roofed it with cedar wood, brought at great expense and trouble from the Lebanon. The halls he adorned with lapis lazuli-inlaid friezes and the doors with silver decorations. Assurbanipal himself was crowned at Harran and his younger brother became the High Priest of Sîn there. When in 612 B.C. Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, fell an attempt was made to re-group the Assyrian forces at Harran. The third rebuilding of the temple of Sîn was due to the last Babylonian king, Nabonidus (556-539 B.C.), whose mother was a devotee of the god and whose daughter served the same divinity as high priestess at Ur. Nabonidus, himself probably of Aramaic extraction, was a fanatical worshipper of Sîn, a circumstance which brought him into conflict with the priests of Marduk, [the principal deity of his capital, Babylon. His disagreement with the religious leaders and others made him withdraw for more than half his reign to the Arabian oasis of Teima, leaving the regency of the empire in the hands of his son, Belshazzar. When Nabonidus finally returned to Babylon it was only to succumb before the Persian armies of Cyrus. Like all other Babylonian provinces, Harran was incorporated in the Persian Empire from 539 B.C. until some 200 years later Alexander's expedition placed it under new masters come from the west. For centuries the plain in which Harran lies was the battleground between Persians and Greeks, Romans and Parthians, Byzantines and Sasanians. Karrai—Carrhæ—as the city was now called, was

gradually eclipsed by Edessa (modern Urfa), which occupies a geographically more favourable position some 30 miles to the north-north-west. The decline of Harran as Metropolis of Mesopotamia became particularly marked when, in A.D. 204, Edessa adopted Christianity. Harran clung tenaciously to its pagan cults. It is there that the Emperor Caracalla met his death—when on the way to pay his devotions at the temple of the Moon god. Julian the Apostate found among the inhabitants of the city many enthusiastic supporters, and throughout the Byzantine period the Syriac writers of Edessa fulminated against Harran's pagan rites.

Nor did matters change substantially when both Harran and Edessa were captured by the Muslim armies in A.D. 639. For a short period Harran achieved new grandeur when, under the last ruler of the first Muslim dynasty, Marwān II (A.D. 744-750), it became the capital of the Muslim Empire (stretching then from Spain to the Indus). Under the Abbasids, it reverted to the status of a provincial city, but its cultural influence during the golden age of Islam was immense. Many Harranians took part in the translation of Greek and Syriac scientific and philosophical texts into Arabic; one need but recall such names as those of Thābit ibn Qurra and his descendants, the astronomer Battāni or the alchemist Jābir ibn Hayyān, the Geber of the Middle Ages.

To escape persecution, the Harranian pagans called themselves Sabians. This creed,

the most lofty philosophical systems. In all probability, we must discount the gruesome tales related by their detractors (such as accounts of human sacrifices, etc.) as spiteful fabrications. The Sabians were able to maintain themselves as an honoured and active minority in the Muslim society surrounding them, and it is not until the eleventh century that we hear of the destruction of the last Sabian temple at Harran. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries Harran became once more, as in the Greco-Roman period, a frontier town. Its immediate neighbour to the north was the first county of the Crusaders with

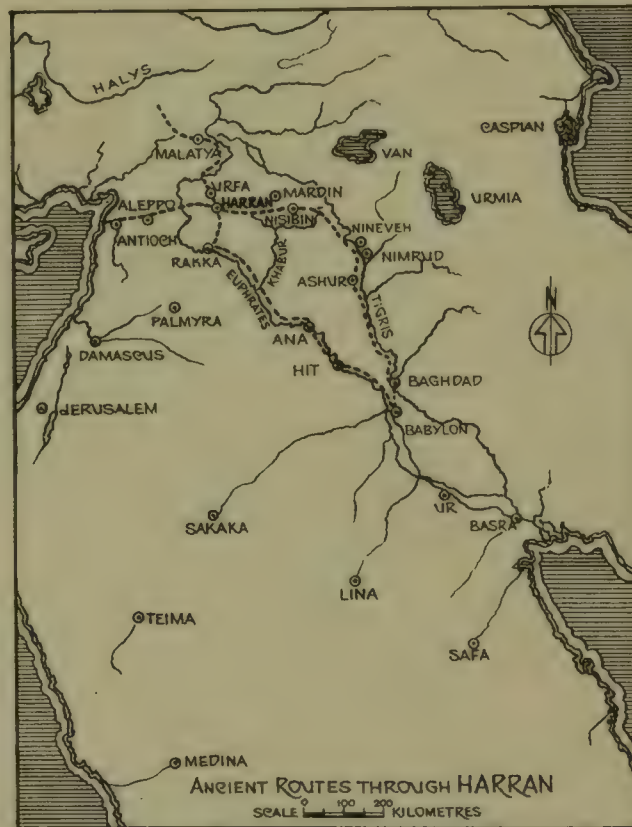


FIG. 1. A MAP OF THE MIDDLE EAST TO SHOW THE STRATEGIC POSITION OF ANCIENT HARRAN; AND ALSO THE LOCATION OF THE ARABIAN CITIES TO WHICH KING NABONIDUS WITHDREW.



FIG. 2. DATED TO THE LAST YEAR OF SALADIN'S LIFE: THE ENTRANCE IN THE EAST WALL OF THE COURTYARD.

Under this cusped arch is a very badly damaged Arabic inscription bearing the date 588 of the Hegira (i.e., 1192 A.D.) which corresponds to the last year of Saladin's life.

being mentioned in the Qur'an as based on a revelation, secured for them a status of equality with the Christians and Jews and made them protected subjects of the Caliph. Many of these Sabians attained high office at Baghdad and used their influence at Court to obtain privileges for their brethren. There seems little doubt that under their cloak of respectability, the Harranians continued to worship the planets, though forms of worship probably varied from crude idolatry to

its seat at Edessa (A.D. 990-1081). Despite the short distance which separated Edessa from Harran and repeated onslaughts of the Crusaders, Harran never fell before them. The city was fortified and embellished by the two great leaders of the counter-crusade, Nūr ad-dīn and Saladin. A Spanish traveller, Ibn Jubair, who visited it in 1184 describes it as having "markets which are admirably disposed and wonderfully arranged. They are roofed with wood, and men within them are never out of the long shade. You pass through them, as you would pass through a palace with large corridors. At every point where four markets meet, a great dome of plaster has been erected." Of all this splendour, nothing remains. In A.D. 1260 the Mongols took the city. They first tried to maintain a garrison there, but when this proved too costly, owing to the frequency and effectiveness of Mamlūk and Bedouin raids, they resorted to a scorched-earth policy and laid waste a large belt of land east of the Euphrates. A contemporary writer describes the destruction of Harran: "The great mosque was destroyed; the population was evacuated to Mardin and elsewhere; the gates of the town were walled up." To-day Harran is hardly more than a village, but its wall, most of the citadel, the minaret of the great mosque and part of its eastern wall are still visible above ground (Fig. 3).

In 1950 a small sounding was made at the main gate of the citadel and brought to light some sculptures and a Kufic inscription dated A.D. 1058 which gave the genealogy of a little-known dynasty—the Numairids—who ruled Harran for a century before the first Crusade (*I.L.N.*, September 20, 1950, and "Anatolian Studies, II," 1952, pp. 36-84). In 1952 (for two weeks) (*I.L.N.*, February 21, 1953) and in 1956 (for three weeks), what resources were available were concentrated on work at the great mosque.

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 3. THE RUINS OF THE GREAT MOSQUE AT HARRAN, WHICH MAY HAVE REPLACED THE MOON-TEMPLE OF SÎN IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY A.D.

Continued.]

Arabic historical sources supply the following data about the mosque.

(i) In A.D. 639 the Muslim conquerors took from the Harranians a pagan temple which they converted into a mosque; they also gave them permission to build a temple on another site. (ii) The last Umayyad Caliph, Marwân II (A.D. 744-750), built a sumptuous palace for himself at Harran. Nothing is reported of any work that he may have done at the mosque, but it is only reasonable to assume that he must have embellished, if not enlarged, the Friday Mosque when the city became, through his choice, the capital of the Muslim Empire. (iii) Nûr ad-dîn (A.D. 1146-1174) restored the mosque.

The ruins of the building to-day form roughly a square measuring 103 by 103 metres. There are four aisles in the sanctuary and the courtyard is surrounded by porticoes, two on the east side and one each on the north and west sides. We owe the last description of the edifice before its destruction by the Mongols to the same Spanish traveller, Ibn Jubair. He saw it in 1184 after its embellishment by Nûr ad-dîn. "The wall which is contiguous with the courtyard through which entry is made is full of doors," he writes; "their number is nineteen: nine to the right and nine to the left, the nineteenth being a huge door that stands in their middle with its arch reaching from the top of the wall to the bottom. It is a splendid sight and of fine conformation as if it were the gate of a great city."

This description perfectly fits the large arch (8·20 metres span) which occupies the centre of the court-façade of the sanctuary and remains standing to its full height to-day (Fig. 4). The smaller arches which flanked it on either side have fallen with their columns, voussoirs and blocking stones keeping their relative positions. Some of these were uncovered and one was partially reconstructed on the spot (Fig. 12). The elaborate arabesque ornaments on the voussoirs, brackets and capping stones belong to the Ayyubid style of the twelfth century. This is confirmed by a fine ornamental inscription which gives the completion of the work as A.H. 570-A.D. 1174 (Fig. 13). The pavement of the aisle behind the great arch is different from that of the remaining three aisles, and it



FIG. 4. THE GREAT ARCH OF THE COURT-FACADE OF THE MOSQUE SANCTUARY. THE ARCH SPAN IS 27 FT.

is clear that all of it is an addition of Nûr ad-dîn. Late-antique, engaged, sandstone columns, made of three drums each, were used to decorate the great arch (Fig. 16), but it is surprising to find (on a monument built at the height of the struggle against the Crusaders) a re-used capital whose acanthus leaves are surmounted by a wreath tied in a knot round a quite unmistakable cross (Fig. 15). There is a narrower central opening in the third arcade which was carried by twin columns resting on rectangular plinths, and capped by rectangular capitals. The capital nearest to the east wall of the sanctuary is dated by the ornamental inscription (Fig. 13), but some others like that in Fig. 14 (from the western half of the sanctuary) can hardly be as late as A.D. 1174. The second arcade consists

[Continued overleaf.]

ON THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT TEMPLE OF SÎN: THE HARRAN MOSQUE WHICH SALADIN AND NUR AD-DIN EMBELLISHED.

STELÆ IN WHICH KING NABONIDUS TELLS HIS OWN STORY.



FIG. 5. SET SO THAT THE FAITHFUL SHOULD TREAD THE IMAGES UNDERFOOT: ONE OF THE THREE STELÆ OF NABONIDUS SET FACE DOWNWARDS IN THE EAST ENTRANCE.



FIG. 6. THE UPPER PART OF THE STELE FOUND IN THE NORTH ENTRANCE (FIG. 9). IT GIVES A NEW LIST OF ASSYRIAN KINGS AND DESCRIBES THE FUNERAL OF NABONIDUS' MOTHER.

Continued.]

mainly of re-used antique columns and capitals of types which are known in the Osrhoene before the Islamic conquest. There are indications that the mosque may have consisted, at some stage, of two aisles only. The last arcade shows an alternating arrangement of piers and pairs of columns. On the *qibla* wall, there was, in addition to a concave *mihrab* (west from centre), an earlier, flat *mihrab* flanked on its eastern side by a door, which must have been the private entrance used first by the Caliph and later by the Governor. The sanctuary was originally roofed by massive rafters, the like of which Ibn Jubair had not encountered anywhere else on his travels. Many charred remains of these, some still bearing Ayyubid arabesque ornaments carved in relief, were found when the pavement was uncovered. The plan of the sanctuary shows many irregularities and provides evidence of repeated rebuilding. It is difficult, at present, to ascribe any particular stage of the work to the Umayyad period. The square minaret (still standing to 26 metres height) (Fig. 3) is undoubtedly one of the rare surviving minarets of the Umayyad period. No ornament found in the sanctuary can be reliably dated to this period, but a large fragment of a capital from the north portico is perfectly consistent with such an attribution. Access to the courtyard is now gained through a doorway in the east wall surmounted by a cusped arch (Fig. 2) under which a very badly damaged Arabic inscription bears the date 588/1192, which corresponds to the last year of Saladin's life. But there were originally three other entrances, all of which had to be excavated. In the course of the clearance of these entrances, three remarkable finds were made. In the middle of the east entrance, which was the first to be uncovered, there lay a 2-metre-long, stele-shaped basalt stone. Its head was rounded in a half-circle and at the other end was a short, narrow, wedge-shaped projection. Behind it, also fitted to form part of the pavement, was a rectangular basalt stone with a hole in the middle (filled with white sandstone) which corresponded in size to the wedge-shaped projection (Fig. 5). When the larger stone was turned over it was found that the rounded top showed a relief of a bearded male figure in Babylonian dress, wearing a mitre-shaped, spiked headgear, with bandlets falling on the back. The figure was depicted advancing from right to left, holding a ringed staff in one hand and raising the other towards three divine symbols—those of Sin (the Moon god), Shamash (the Sun god) and Ishtar (the Morning Star), with that of Sin nearest to him (Fig. 7). Under the relief, covering the remaining surface of the basalt slab, were three columns of cuneiform script. There was evidence of a deliberate attempt to deface the face of the figure, and the text before the stone



FIG. 7. THE UPPER PART OF EAST ENTRANCE STELE (FIG. 5). BESIDE THE HEAD OF THE BEARDED FIGURE IN BABYLONIAN DRESS ARE THE SYMBOLS OF SIN, SHAMASH AND ISHTAR



FIG. 8. THE UPPER PART OF THE WEST ENTRANCE STELE, SIMILAR TO THAT OF FIG. 7. THE TEXTS RELATE NABONIDUS' SELF-IMPOSED EXILE IN ARABIA AND RETURN TO HARRAN.



FIG. 9. THE NORTH ENTRANCE OF THE MOSQUE. THE STELE OF FIG. 6 IS SEEN, FACE DOWNWARDS, UNDER THE MEASURE. THE HEAD OF THIS STELE IS MISSING.



FIG. 10. THE WEST ENTRANCE TO THE COURTYARD OF THE MOSQUE SHOWING THE STELE (UNDER A MEASURE) OF FIG. 8 SET DOWN AS ONE OF THE STEPS OF A STAIRWAY.

depicted advancing from right to left, holding a ringed staff in one hand and raising the other towards three divine symbols—those of Sin (the Moon god), Shamash (the Sun god) and Ishtar (the Morning Star), with that of Sin nearest to him (Fig. 7). Under the relief, covering the remaining surface of the basalt slab, were three columns of cuneiform script. There was evidence of a deliberate attempt to deface the face of the figure, and the text before the stone

[Continued opposite.]

ORNAMENT ASSYRIAN, CLASSICAL AND ISLAMIC OF THE GREAT HARRAN MOSQUE.



FIG. 11. AN ASSYRIAN COLUMN BASE (CENTRE), PERHAPS FROM THE TEMPLE OF SIN, USED AS AN ORNAMENT IN A TWELFTH-CENTURY ABLUTION BASIN.



FIG. 12. PART OF AN ELABORATELY CARVED ARCH, RECONSTRUCTED ON THE SPOT AND ONCE PART OF THE TWELFTH-CENTURY FACADE WHICH INCLUDED THE GREAT ARCH (FIG. 4).

Continued.]

was placed face downwards in the east entrance. A similar *stèle* was found at the west entrance of the mosque's enclosure. It formed the uppermost step in a staircase consisting of nine stairs which led from the street-level to the courtyard (Figs. 8 and 10). The third basalt *stèle* was recovered in the north entrance (Fig. 9), and was different. Its rounded top had been cut to obtain a square stone (Fig. 6), but the lower parts of four figures (two holding the already-mentioned ringed staffs), moving towards an unidentified object to the left of the stone, can still be seen. Cuneiform writing occupied two wide columns of script under the relief and a third column was incised in the right, narrow side of the stone. The texts and translations of the three documents are shortly to be published by Professor C. J. Gadd, F.B.A., who has kindly undertaken their decipherment from latex-squeezes made on the spot. All three *stelæ* are by Nabonidus (556-539 B.C.). The first two (Figs. 7 and 8), showing the king with the three divine symbols, relate the attempt of Nabonidus to rebuild



FIG. 13. AN INSCRIBED CAPITAL FROM THE THIRD ARCADE OF THE MOSQUE. THE ORNAMENTAL INSCRIPTION DATES THE COMPLETION OF THE WORK TO THE EQUIVALENT OF A.D. 1174.

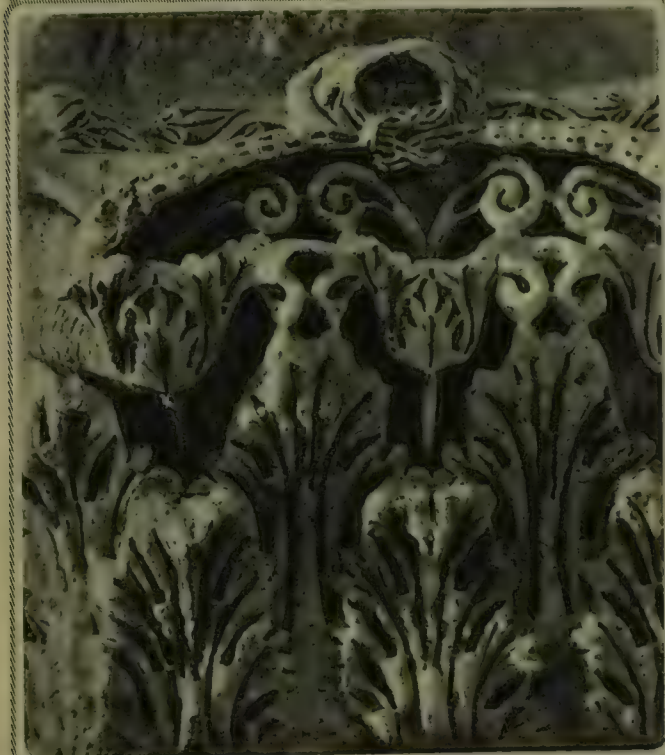


FIG. 15. AT THE TOP OF THIS CAPITAL IS A CROSS—AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY, AS THIS MONUMENT WAS BUILT DURING THE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE CRUSADERS.

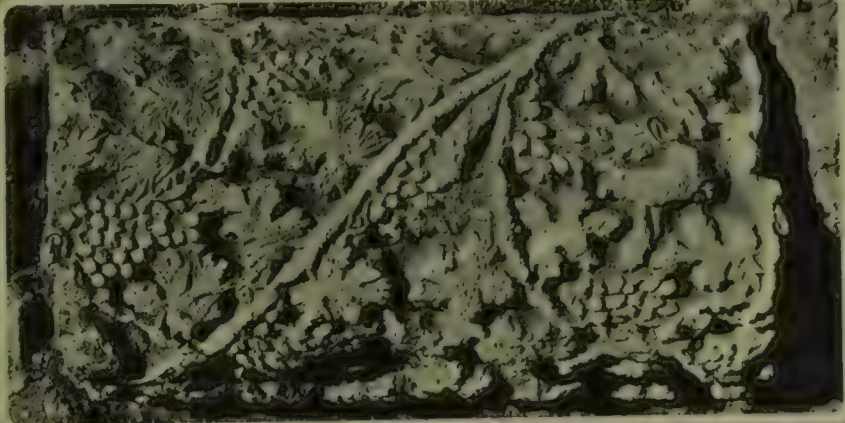


FIG. 16. A DRUM OF A LATE ANTIQUE COLUMN, WITH VINE DECORATION—USED TO ADORN THE GREAT ARCH (FIG. 4) OF THE MOSQUE.



FIG. 14. A CAPITAL FROM THE WESTERN PART OF THE THIRD ARCADE. THIS IS NOT DATED BUT IT MAY NOT BE AS LATE AS THE A.D. 1174 EXAMPLE SHOWN IN FIG. 13.

the temple of Sin at Harran, his disagreement with his rebellious subjects and unruly priests, his self-imposed exile in Arabia, his subsequent return and the completion of his devout project to rebuild E Khul-Khul, as he had been commanded to do, in a famous dream, by the god himself. These texts, which exist in no other versions, throw new light on a hitherto obscure period of Babylonian history. They also reveal that Nabonidus (while building for himself, as was already known, "a city like Babylon" at Teima) had travelled as far south as Yatribu (=Yathrib= the ancient name of Medina), 200 miles away. This is

the earliest-known mention of the city which was to achieve fame later as the city of the Prophet Muhammad. The third *stèle* (Fig. 6), with four, unfortunately, incomplete figures, provides a complete version of a text known until now only from a fragment found by M. Henri Pognon in 1906 some miles north of Harran. It begins with words put into the mouth of Nabonidus' mother, a great devotee of Sin, and

concludes with the description of the State funeral accorded her after her death at the ripe age of 104 (years of the Moon god). Apart from settling the vexed question of the authorship of Pognon's fragment (which has caused a good deal of ink to flow), it supplies a new chronological list of the Assyrian kings and other hitherto unknown details. The discovery of the three *stelæ* and of an Assyrian column base (very similar to those found at Senjirli and Khorsabad), re-used as a central, ornamental piece (Fig. 11) in an octagonal ablution basin with Ayyubid (twelfth century A.D.) mouldings, leads to the following conclusions: (i) these building materials were taken from an edifice situated not far away, and perhaps from a building which had occupied the site of the mosque itself; (ii) the fragment found in 1906 by Pognon had probably come from the same building; (iii) the *stelæ* were used by the Muslims in such a manner as to compel persons entering the mosque (from whichever side) to tread on the hated idols and thus manifest their scorn for the old gods. It is perhaps permissible to conjecture that the *stelæ* were, at the time when they were put to such ignominious and utilitarian use, still objects of veneration to some of the pagans of Harran.

ARCHÆOLOGY WITHOUT TEARS.

"A BOOK OF ARCHÆOLOGY." Edited by LADY WHEELER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL books are numerous. Some of them record, with the utmost technical detail, special "digs," omitting nothing about trenching, stratification, and the precise posture and placing of skeletons, pots and weapons. These, though often of very great interest to experts, tend to be, in proportion to their merits as technical records, rather heavy going for young amateurs, or casual readers of any kind, who expect accounts of discoveries to be exciting, and are disappointed if they are not. More selective narratives are needed if novices are to be weaned from the notion that archæology involves mainly hunting for buried treasure of a kind which is vendible or suitable for exhibition in a Museum or Art Gallery. Such things certainly do come into the picture. In the Museum at Naples there are ancient Roman wall-paintings recovered from the ruins of Pompeii: and the British Museum contains innumerable finds which have resulted from deliberate search, as well as many come upon by sheer accident—like the superb Mildenhall Treasure which came to notice because a Suffolk ploughman, driving his team or his tractor, noticed a gleam of silver as he turned a furrow. But the treasure which most diggers seek is not treasure of gold and silver, but treasure of knowledge. Men like ourselves have lived and occupied themselves on this planet—which, until recently, they didn't know was a planet—for 500,000 years or so. The period is far from precisely known: I once, living, in this regard, on second-hand information, asked an eminent man of science whether he thought the conjectural figure was roughly accurate, and his reply was "Yes, I should think so, within a hundred thousand years or two." How that remark would have astonished our ancestors in the first half of the seventeenth century, before the Royal Society set an example to the world! It was at that time that Archbishop Ussher, laboriously adding up the ages of the Biblical Patriarchs (who "begat" and "begat" with such pious pertinacity) and those of the Roman Emperors and later Kings, came to the conclusion, widely accepted, that "the world began" in 4004 B.C.—a very neat palindrome. To a modern antiquary that seems a fairly ancient date, but not a thrilling one. For the archæologists have been not merely digging up our history but putting the frontiers of it farther and farther back. The word "prehistoric" is no more a near equivalent of "antediluvian": it merely suggests epochs of which we have no written records, or records in a legible script. We know a great deal now about ages from which no written records remain, and during which, perhaps, no written records were made. Archæologists, becoming more and more precise in regard to procedure and registration, are steadily pushing back the shadows. If this process of discovery isn't exciting, what is?

I conceive that it was with such thoughts in mind that Lady Wheeler, whose husband has infected a large part of the English population with an interest in its past (which, alas, has never been encouraged in the State Schools, although there are probably few children in England who, if they searched industriously enough, could not find an illustrious ancestor, whose exploits, not necessarily warlike, they might be proud to emulate), set about compiling this anthology. For anthology it is: not a book by the author. Lady Wheeler is no novice. "Widely travelled, she has taken part in excavations in England, France, India, Cyprus and Palestine,

and is at present working with the Director of the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem upon the excavation of ancient Jericho," is the description of her given here. But, however rigid she may be about her methods of excavation, she has here produced an "Archæology without Tears" which should be as successful with the young as with me were the early birthday-presents I was given which confronted me with such of the lovelier of the compositions of British poets as were comprehensible by my infant mind, and such of the most courageous deeds of the British Army and Navy—always fighting, as I still think they were, for "the Right."

Lady Wheeler has certainly produced a fine mixture of discoveries. She begins with Egypt, and the World of Meket-Ré, and the discovery by an American, Herbert Winlock, of an Egyptian nobleman's tomb. The entrance chambers to the tomb had been plundered—not by seekers after history but by seekers after loot, especially after loot which could be melted down—and what was found was a museum, like the Queen's Doll's House. Every conceivable thing which he had needed in this world was reproduced for his needs in the next world. There were not the ghastly sacrifices recorded at Ur by Sir Leonard Woolley: a King's



THE BOY FROM THE LEAD MOUNTAIN: AN INCA BOY, FROM THE INCA EMPIRE OF THE 15TH CENTURY, FROZEN IN SLEEP, FOUND IN CHILE IN 1954.

funeral being celebrated by the ritual burial of horses, chariots, grooms, drivers, standing soldiers and poor, reluctant concubines. The Egyptian nobleman merely wanted to take over to the next world the comforts of this. "He could not conceive of an existence in which he would not require food and drink, clothing and housing, such as he was used to in this life, and being a rich man, naturally he wanted an estate in eternity like that which he had owned on earth. His philosophy carried him beyond that of the savage chieftain who expects a horde of servants to be slaughtered at his grave. He attained the same end by putting in his tomb a host of little wooden servants, carved and painted, at their daily tasks, working before little portraits of himself. The spirits of these little servants worked eternally turning out spirit food or sailing ships upon a spirit Nile, and his soul could enter any one of the little portraits of himself at will to reap the harvest of their labours. In short, we had found a picture of the life the great noble hoped to live in eternity, which was nothing more or less than the one he had lived on earth forty centuries ago."

Lady Wheeler doesn't leave Egypt with that. She gives us an extract from Howard Carter's book about the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb, for which he and the late Lord Carnarvon had searched for years. There, as door after door was carefully broken down, there was revealed an amazing museum of antiquities, chairs, sofas, statues, boxes, all made during the decline of the Egyptian arts, all made at about the same time as our ancestors here were hauling stones from Pembrokeshire to build Stonehenge, and all capable of taking First Prizes at the Prince Consort's pet Exhibition of 1851 in the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park.

From Egypt Lady Wheeler proceeds to Palestine and the plastered portrait skulls of which she takes a higher view than I do. Thence she proceeds to the Dead Sea Scrolls, about the period of which bitter controversy is, as I write, being waged at Munich. Even these erudite, bearded men can become bellicose at times: I remember that T. E. Hulme, still remembered as a non-academic metaphysician, telling me (about 1911), after he returned from an International Congress at Bologna, that there had been a Free Fight in the Ethical Section. Thence Lady Wheeler comes to England.

In this country she includes the excavation of the Treasure-ship of Sutton Hoo. There an East Anglian Saxon King was buried. The ship was a long ship: you may see another in Oslo. But as a rule (the really traditional gypsies still burn the caravans of their dead) the Kings were burnt in their ships. In the long ship at Sutton Hoo there were found beautiful trappings, and even coins: from Byzantium. But not a corpse, not a skeleton, not even a bone. What had happened? Had the King died in battle, or been drowned at sea, with his body irrecoverable? Or had he become a Christian, in that time and place highly probable, and been given pagan rites?

Lady Wheeler leads us on to Stonehenge, Maiden Castle, Ur, Lascaux and Pompeii. The only thought that comes to me is: what a lot there is still for us to find out, instead of merely killing each other. That I said to Mussolini in 1930, when I told him that I was going to see Herculaneum. He said that he was going to proceed with the excavations, knowing quite well that encased in the mud of that place, and protected in stone boxes, the lost books of Livy and the lost poems of Sappho might still remain after all these years since Pliny the Younger wrote to Tacitus and said he was reading Livy.

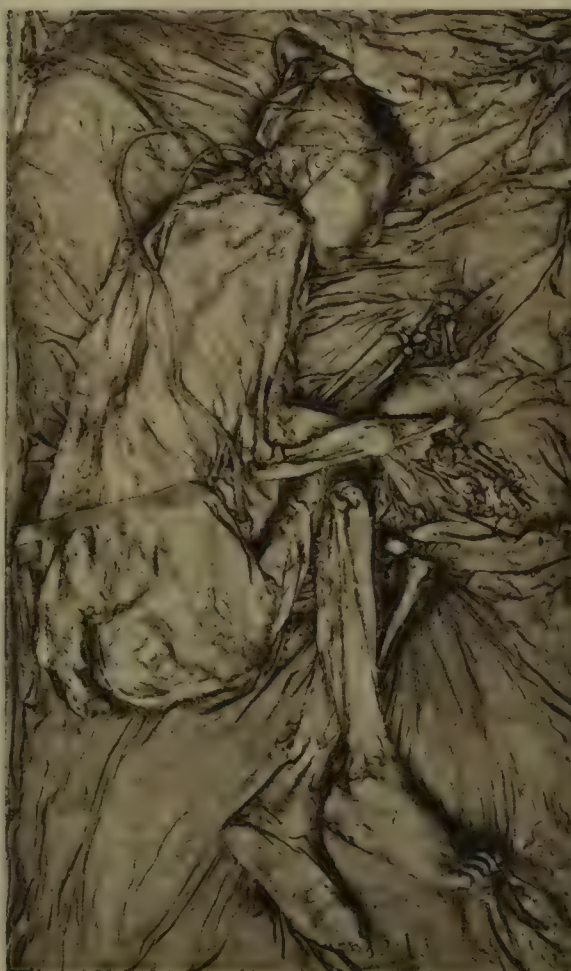
If I were rich enough, I should give this book to every little child in the country.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 484 of this issue.



LADY WHEELER, WHO HAS EDITED THE BOOK ABOUT ARCHÆOLOGY WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Lady Wheeler, who is the wife of Sir Mortimer Wheeler, the distinguished archæologist, has been interested in archæology since she was a student of the subject at London University. Widely travelled, she has taken part in excavations in England, France, India, Cyprus and Palestine, and has recently been working with the Director of the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem upon the excavation of ancient Jericho. (Vivienne—London.)



HANGED AT TOLLUND, IN DENMARK, AND THROWN INTO A PEAT BOG POOL 2000 YEARS AGO: THE BODY OF A MAN FOUND INTACT IN 1950.

(National Museum, Copenhagen.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book "A Book of Archæology"; by courtesy of the publisher, Cassell.

* "A Book of Archæology." Seventeen Stories of Discovery: Selected and edited by Margaret Wheeler. Illustrated. (Cassell; 12s. 6d.)



WITHIN A HUNDRED YARDS OF THE CAMERA : TWO GIANT SABLE ANTELOPES LOWERING THEIR HEADS BEFORE ENGAGING IN A TWENTY-MINUTE DUEL.



WITH HORNS CRASHING AND DUST FLYING : TWO BULL GIANT SABLE ANTELOPES IN THE MIDST OF THEIR FEROCIOUS BATTLE IN ANGOLA.
A BATTLE ROYAL SEEN IN THE FIRST COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS OF AFRICA'S RARE GIANT SABLE ANTELOPES.

Since its discovery by Mr. Frank Varian in 1913, the shy and sensitive Giant Sable Antelope (*Hippotragus niger variani*) has been seen by few Europeans. In 1954 a small Anglo-Portuguese expedition filmed and photographed these animals at close range in their natural state. On November 6, 1954, we published in *The Illustrated London News* two photographs taken by Senhor Newton da Silva, a leading naturalist in Angola, who was host there to Mr. Quentin Keynes, the leader of the expedition, who took the colour photographs which are reproduced on this page. The Giant Sable Antelope, which is one of Africa's rarest mammals, is found in a limited central area of Angola which is itself a little-known part of Africa. There are few animals more wary, or more difficult to approach, and on most occasions the expedition

found it impossible to get closer than 400 yards to them. But one morning they saw a large herd of Giant Sables quietly feeding on the plain. When Mr. Keynes and his companions approached, the animals discreetly withdrew. Two bulls, however, held their ground, putting their heads down, apparently to fight, while the members of the expedition crept up on them armed with their cameras. Then for twenty minutes they witnessed an amazing spectacle as the two black bulls, with their immense horns, engaged in a fierce battle. Mr. Keynes says: "For all those fantastic twenty minutes I was photographing and filming them. Then at last they looked up and saw us . . . after a bit they started to come towards us in a slightly menacing way . . . until they veered off in a magnificent sweep and at a terrific lick towards the forest."

Colour photographs by Quentin Keynes.



"CROOME COURT, WORCESTERSHIRE," BY RICHARD WILSON (1713-82); IN THE BRITISH COUNCIL'S EXHIBITION OF "BRITISH PAINTING IN THE 18TH CENTURY." (Oil on canvas; 48 by 66 ins.) (Reproduced by courtesy of The Croome Estate Trustees.)



"THE MELBOURNE AND MILBANKE FAMILIES," BY GEORGE STUBBS (1724-1806). LADY MELBOURNE IS IN THE CARRIAGE, WITH HER FATHER, SIR RALPH MILBANKE, BESIDE HER. HER HUSBAND, LORD MELBOURNE, IS ON THE RIGHT. (Oil on canvas; 38½ by 58½ ins.) (Reproduced by courtesy of J. J. W. Salmond, Esq., Salisbury.)

IN AN EXHIBITION ARRANGED FOR CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES: TWO EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BRITISH MASTERPIECES.

After a brief showing at the Tate Gallery, in London, last month, some seventy of the finest examples of eighteenth-century British painting from public and private collections in this country were shipped across the Atlantic to join another smaller selection from North American collections in forming the British Council's superb exhibition of "British Painting in the Eighteenth Century." The exhibition is to be shown three times in Canada—at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts from October 3 to November 3; at the National Gallery of Canada from November 15 to December 15, and at the Art Gallery

of Toronto from January 10, 1958, to February 16—and once in the United States—at the Toledo Museum of Art from February 27 to March 30. The four paintings reproduced on these pages are among those lent from British collections. The exhibition includes an especially fine group of the work of Thomas Gainsborough, who, both as portraitist and landscape painter, stands pre-eminent among the artists of this great era. Richard Wilson, who was, of course, born in Wales, also painted both portraits and landscapes, but it is in the latter that he is outstanding.



"MARY GAINSBOROUGH": GAINSBOROUGH'S DELIGHTFUL PORTRAIT OF HIS ELDER DAUGHTER WHICH WAS PAINTED IN 1777. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 26½ ins.) (Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery, London.)



"THE GRAND LANDSCAPE," WHICH GAINSBOROUGH PAINTED FROM THE SCENERY AT SHOCKERWICK, NEAR BATH, WHERE HE WAS THE FREQUENT GUEST OF THE WEALTHY CARRIER, WALTER WILTSHIRE. (Oil on canvas; 47 by 58 ins.) (Reproduced by courtesy of the Viscount Camrose, Basingstoke.)



ON LOAN FROM THE UNITED STATES: "LA JAPONAISE"—A FAMOUS MASTERPIECE BY CLAUDE MONET.

One of the outstanding works in the Arts Council's exhibition of paintings by Claude Monet (1840-1926), which has been seen at the Edinburgh Festival and is now to be shown in London, at the Tate Gallery, from September 26 to November 3, is "*La Japonaise*," which has recently been acquired by the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, making a notable addition to their large

collection of Monets. "*La Japonaise*" is dated 1876, and was exhibited that year in the second Impressionist Exhibition under the title "*Panneau Décoratif: Japonnerie*." Monet's first wife, Camille, posed for him against the setting of Japanese fans which decorated their flat at Argenteuil. Showing the influence of Whistler and Manet, this was Monet's last figure piece.

Oil on canvas: 91 by 56 ins. Reproduced by courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



"PENTSTEMON (Beard Tongue)." I quote from William Robinson's "The English Flower Garden." But where on earth, I wonder, did the great William Robinson get hold of that name, "Beard Tongue," for the Penstemon family, or did he just cook it up himself? William Robinson was a good friend of mine, and my admiration for what he did for English—or perhaps I should say British—gardening is unbounded. But he was the victim of a number of fads and phobes which he would preach with a violence which sometimes became a little tiresome. He was violently anti-topiary. So am I when it is bought ready-made and planted without tact or reason to produce a bogus olde worlde effect in an unsuitable, newly-arrived setting. But when it occurs

BORDER PENSTEMONS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

his ridiculous "Beard Tongue" have led me so far astray. I have been greatly impressed this summer by a variety called "Garnet." A clump of it here has grown into a dense, rounded mass more than 4 ft. across, and, when in flower, a good 3 ft. high. It started last year as three or four small specimens from pots. For many weeks now it has been producing an endless succession of tapered spikes of rich ruby—or garnet—red flowers. The individual blossoms are rather smaller than those of the usual run of the handsome race of border penstemons which are descended from the two species, *Penstemon cobaea* and *P. hartwegii*, but they are none the worse for this slight loss of size. The profusion of garnet flower-spikes, their deep telling colour, and the plant's extraordinarily long flowering season make it a most valuable border plant. It

is useful, too, as a cut flower. One batch of *P. "Garnet"* found itself growing here this summer with *Verbena corymbosa* as a next-door neighbour. This association was quite fortuitous, but the contrast of the two colours—the deep, rich red of "Garnet" and the violet of the verbena, so very near the colour of some deep-toned heliotrope or Cherry Pie—was most happy, and wonderfully effective, a plant or colour association worth remembering and repeating.



A PENSTEMON VARIETY VERY SIMILAR TO "GARNET": *PENSTEMON X SCHONHOLZERI*. (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

as the result of the whim, shall we say, of some simple country soul—but, no: such matters of taste are dangerous ground on which to dogmatise.

One of William Robinson's more violent hatreds was grafting. Yet how much poorer our gardens would be if we—or nurserymen—were deprived of all grafting as a means of propagating. Another of the great man's dislikes was Latin names for plants. He used them, of course, in his "English Flower Garden." He could hardly do otherwise, for only relatively few of the flowers we grow have acquired vernacular English names. I doubt, however, whether he realised what an essential and invaluable sort of Esperanto are the Latin names of plants. These Latin names are understood among botanists and serious gardeners of every race and country in the world. But who, outside this country, would know what plants were meant by such names as London Pride, Bouncing Bet or Creeping Jenny? As for "Beard Tongue"—I had never met the name until I came upon it a few minutes ago in my fifty-year-old "Robinson."

But about border penstemons, from which my old friend and

Another border penstemon of which I am very fond goes by the amusing and wonderfully descriptive name, "Unripe Grape." I suspect that this was not the original name that the plant received when it was first raised, named and distributed, perhaps by some nurseryman. It is more likely that some amateur, having lost the plant's official name, christened it "Unripe Grape," since when the name has stuck, and spread among a wide circle of amateur gardeners. Like "Garnet," the flowers are smaller than those of the popular garden hybrid penstemons. But their colour appeals to almost all who see it—a subtle shot blending of blue-violet and reddish-violet on the upper half of the bell, shading to almost white with the faintest wash of violet on the under-side.



"THE LARGER-FLOWERED HYBRID PENSTEMONS ARE SPLENDID BORDER PLANTS, WITH THEIR AMPLE BELLS IN SCARLET, CRIMSON, ROSE AND WHITE . . .": FLOWER-SPIKES OF "MONARCH." (Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.)

penstemons die during some hard winter, at the age of three or four years, it is not necessarily, I think, from old age alone that they die. It is from what to them is old age, aggravated by an inclement winter, just as any one of us at the age of ninety or thereabouts may pass out if we take liberties with draughts, or allow draughts to take liberties with us. It is a good plan, therefore, to strike cuttings each year or so and winter them in a cold frame so that the casualties that may occur from time to time may be replaced.

The larger-flowered hybrid penstemons are splendid border plants, with their ample bells in scarlet, crimson, rose and white in endless variety. One may buy ready-made named varieties and maintain a stock by striking cuttings from time to time, or a packet of seed of a good strain from a reliable firm will give a wonderful show of hearty plants, all of whose colours are fresh and clean and strong. Having raised a good batch of seedlings, you may find it is a good plan to mark a selection of the very best for future propagation by cuttings. The less good varieties may be discarded, on the good gardener's plan of growing the best and only the best.

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

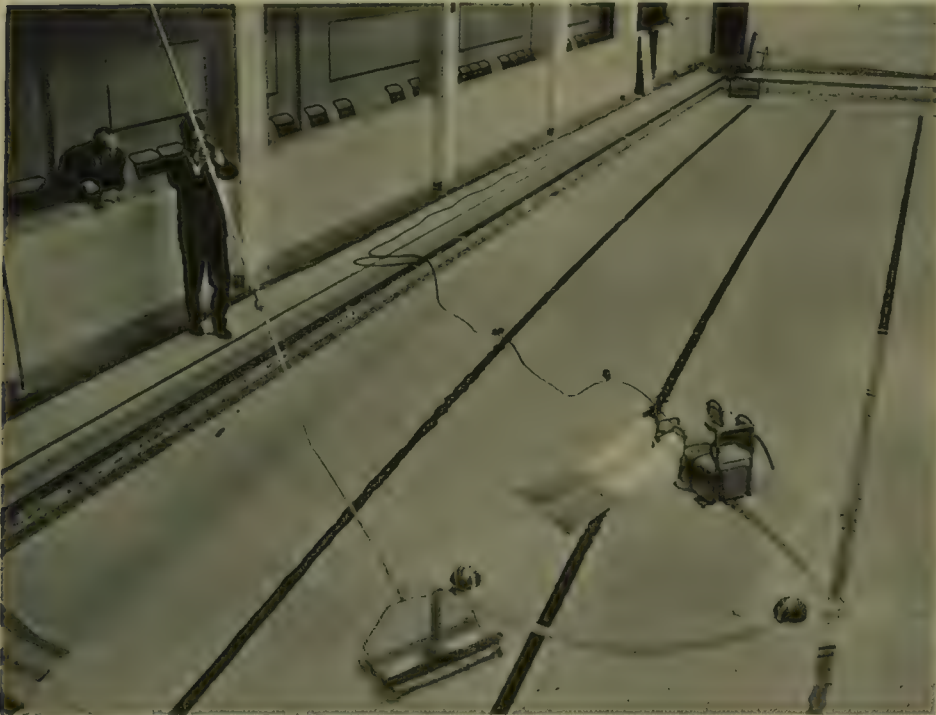
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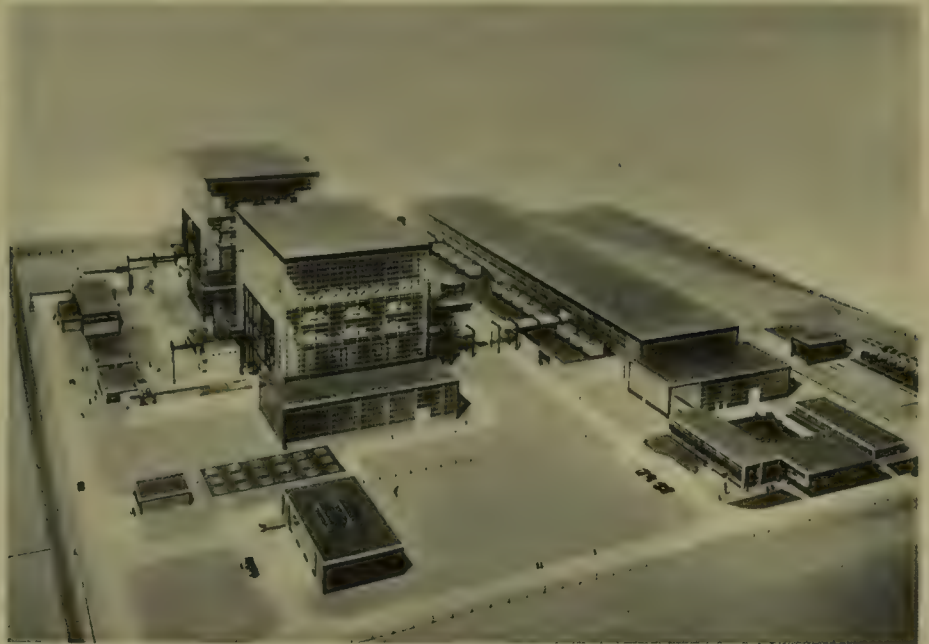
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ON LAND AND AT SEA: FROM THE WHITE HORSE TO A NEW FERRY.



BEING DEMONSTRATED IN LONDON: AN UNDERWATER VACUUM CLEANER, MANUFACTURED BY A GERMAN COMPANY, WHICH CAN BE USED TO CLEAN SWIMMING-POOLS. This electrically-operated underwater vacuum-cleaner, which can be used for cleaning the bottoms of all types of swimming-pools, has been manufactured by the West German firm of Oscar Pauser. It requires only one man to operate it and consists of a suction carriage and a pump carriage. The former picks up the dirt which is filtered by the pump carriage floating on the surface.

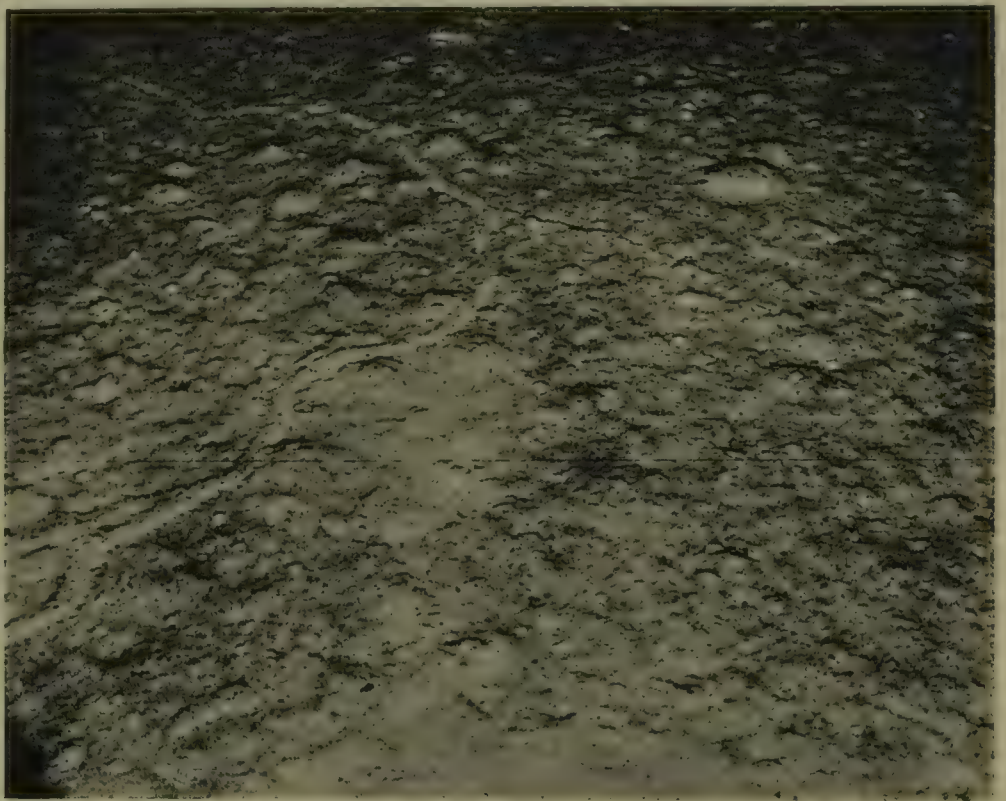


THE WORLD'S LARGEST ATOMIC POWER STATION TO BE BUILT IN SOMERSET: A MODEL OF THE BUILDINGS, FOR WHICH THE CONTRACT HAS BEEN PLACED. On September 12 it was announced that the £60,000,000 contract for the atomic power station to be erected at Hinkley Point, Somerset, has been awarded to the Atomic Power Projects Group of English Electric, Babcock and Wilcox, and Taylor Woodrow. The new station, which will be the largest in the world, is scheduled to come into operation by 1962.



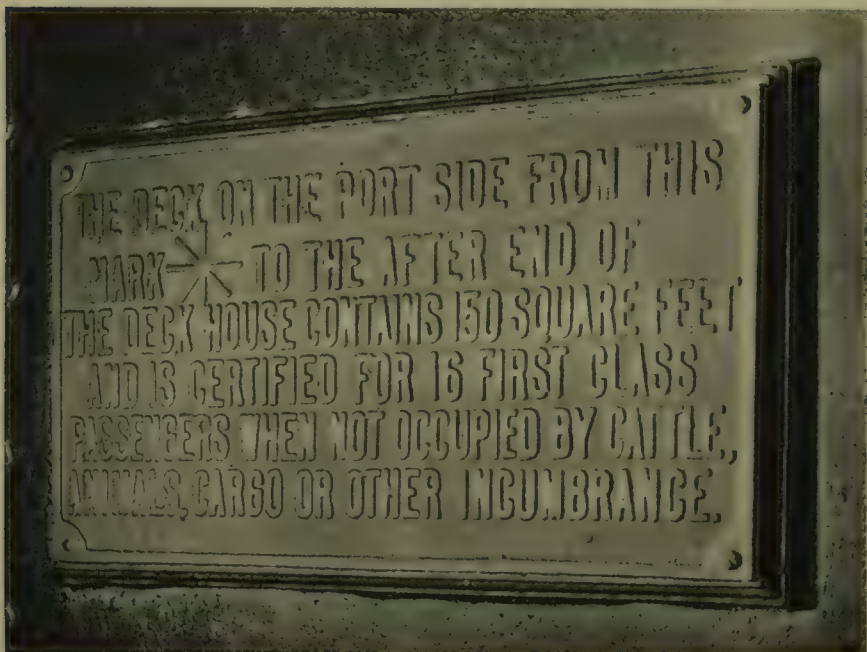
BEING RESTORED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MINISTRY OF WORKS: THE FAMOUS WHITE HORSE AT WESTBURY, WILTSHIRE.

A famous Wiltshire landmark, the huge White Horse at Westbury, is now classified as an ancient monument and is being restored. Workmen are covering the whole of the surface with concrete of a special type, developed during earlier experiments.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BED OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN AT A DEPTH OF NEARLY 3 MILES. ON THE LEFT IS A TRACK MADE BY SOME DEEP-SEA ORGANISM.

Photographs taken with a new British-made underwater camera by Dr. Anthony Laughton, of the Institute of Oceanography, were shown to scientists on September 10 in Dublin at the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The photographs of this part of the ocean bed, which has not been seen by man before, show traces in the mud of creatures which have not yet been identified.



AN AFFRONT TO THE DIGNITY OF FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS? A CURIOUS NOTICE BY THE ENTRANCE TO THE DECKHOUSE ON EARL THORFINN, A BOAT PLYING IN THE NORTH ORKNEYS.



NOW IN SERVICE BETWEEN LANCASHIRE AND NORTHERN IRELAND: *BARDIC FERRY* (2700 TONS), THE FIRST SHIP BUILT IN BRITAIN AS A COMMERCIAL VEHICLE FERRY. On September 2 *Bardic Ferry* came into operation on the Atlantic Steam Navigation Company's service. Built by William Denny and Brothers of Dumbarton, she can carry ninety-five vehicles. Laden commercial vehicles and private cars are driven aboard at the stern. The new vessel will soon be joined by a sister ship, *Ionic Ferry*.

A MISCELLANY OF HOME NEWS: FROM LONDON, YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE.



A FISHY STORY: A CIVIL SERVANT FISHING FOR TROUT, WHICH WERE THOUGHT TO BE DESTROYING THE GOLDFISH, IN THE MOAT OF THE JEWEL TOWER. Because it was thought that the trout put into the moat of the recently restored Jewel Tower at Westminster by the Ministry of Agriculture were destroying the goldfish fry put in by the Ministry of Works, a civil servant was given the task of fishing out the trout. Using liver as bait, he had soon caught a number of the trout, but it was reported that no goldfish fry was found inside them.



ON VIEW IN LANCASHIRE: ONE OF THE EARTH SATELLITES BUILT IN THE UNITED STATES FOR USE DURING THE INTERNATIONAL GEOPHYSICAL YEAR.

In a few months this highly-polished metal sphere, constructed from a magnesium alloy and measuring 20 ins. in diameter, will be launched into space carrying tiny instruments to transmit signals to observers on the ground. One of the earth satellites built in the U.S., it has been on view at Farnborough and at the Lancashire firm of Magnesium Electron.



WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER: THE IRISH-TRAINED, AMERICAN-OWNED *BALLYMOSS*, WITH T. P. BURNS UP, BEING LED AFTER THE RACE. At Doncaster, on September 11, the St. Leger was won by Mr. J. McShain's *Ballymoss* by a length from *Court Harwell*, with the favourite, *Brioche*, three-quarters of a length away, third. *Ballymoss*, trained by V. O'Brien, is the first horse trained in Ireland to have won the St. Leger since it was first run in 1776.



WINNER OF THE JUBILEE GREYHOUND ST. LEGER AT WEMBLEY: *DUKE OF ALVA*, THE FAVOURITE, OWNED BY MESSRS. J. CRAWSHAW AND J. W. HISELWOOD. On September 9 the Jubilee Greyhound St. Leger was won by *Duke of Alva*. Our photograph shows Mr. Crawshaw holding the trophy; in the centre is the Marquis of Carisbrooke, Senior Steward of the National Greyhound Racing Club, and next to him is Sir Bracewell Smith.



SIR MALCOLM SARGENT WITH THE GIFT PRESENTED TO HIM BY THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA TO MARK HIS RETIREMENT AS ITS CHIEF CONDUCTOR. Sir Malcolm Sargent was presented with a set of crystal goblets, with a decanter and tray, by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in London on September 9 to mark his retirement as the Orchestra's Chief Conductor at the end of this year's Promenade Concert season. The goblets are engraved by Mr. A. L. Pope with designs illustrating Holst's "The Planets."



AT THE END OF THE VISIT OF THE CANADIAN MOUNTIES TO BRITAIN: THE CANADIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER (L.) SHAKING HANDS WITH INSPECTOR DOWNEY. On September 11 the group of Canadian Mounties who have been on a tour in this country boarded the liner *Saxonia* at Southampton to start their journey back to Canada. Earlier, the Canadian High Commissioner, Mr. Drew, came to Waterloo Station to bid farewell to the Mounties, who have appeared at many shows in England during the summer.



THE latest Faber and Faber monograph, "Later Islamic Pottery,"* is a sequel by the same distinguished authority, Arthur Lane, to the previously published "Early Islamic Pottery," so that now, for the first time, English readers can worry out for themselves the whole complicated story from the ninth century A.D. down to the day before yesterday. I use the word "worry" of set purpose, because the study of the subject is one of great difficulty for many reasons. Few of us are conversant with Arabic, few of us can claim to be at home among the blood-stained annals of the Middle East, the names have sounds which to most of us seem somehow stranger than Chinese, and fine examples of the actual objects are exceedingly rare. All the more reason to pay diligent attention to this excellent book and its predecessor, wherein the rise and fall of pottery styles is related against the background of stupendous events.

Mr. Lane takes the year 1300 as a convenient starting-point for this second volume, because by then the Mongol invaders had "at last formally adopted the religion of their Persian subjects and sponsored a revival of the civilised arts. But," he continues, "it soon became apparent that something had changed; even the new pottery was quite different in spirit from the old, and the new ceramic styles quickly spread from Persia to other parts of the Islamic world." And later: "The decoration on the later Islamic wares is often admirable, but fails on the whole to maintain the astonishing force and originality so constantly present in wares of mediæval date. . . . There was no Islamic counterpart to the European Renaissance; an ageing civilisation had no stimulus to reshape its intellectual life, or to create a new language in art. . . . A cold archaism invades: the decorative inscriptions, or they are so perfunctorily written as to be meaningless. . . . In the seventeenth century the Persian potters were even more under the spell of Chinese blue-and-white than their European contemporaries at Delft, Frankfurt and Nevers."

To many the chapter devoted to Turkish pottery, once assigned to Kutahya, Damascus and Rhodes, but now known to have been centred at Isnik, the ancient Nicæa, will be especially welcome, because of all the wares made elsewhere from about 1500 onwards it is the most attractive, with its warm, brilliant colours, arabesques combined with Chinese lotus and stylised cloud-scroll designs,

* "Later Islamic Pottery," by Arthur Lane, Keeper of the Department of Ceramics in the Victoria and Albert Museum. With 4 colour and 100 monochrome plates. (Faber and Faber; 45s.)

† "English Cream-Coloured Earthenware," by Donald C. Towner, Honorary Secretary of the English Ceramic Circle. With 4 colour and 96 monochrome plates. (Faber and Faber; 45s.)

‡ "Royal Lancastrian Pottery, 1900-1938," by Abraham Lomax, Chemist at the Works, 1896-1911. With 4 colour plates and 60 other illustrations. (Published by the author, Ainsworth House, Brightmet, Bolton; 42s.)

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

THREE BOOKS ON CERAMICS.

and then—later—the tulips, bluebells and carnations that remained favourite subjects for another century and a half. It is interesting also to read that the Isnik potteries had a high reputation in Europe in their day, that their wares reached Europe in some quantity via Venice, and that Isnik dishes may well have suggested the tulip-designs on English delft-ware "blue-dash chargers" of the late seventeenth century. There are, it is said, numerous nineteenth-century imitations and some dangerous forgeries.

Another Faber monograph is devoted to "English Cream-Coloured Earthenware,"† that eighteenth-century invention which gradually superseded the old experimental processes, finally put an end to the manufacture of both English

lightness with strength and was capable of the greatest delicacy of workmanship. . . . By 1770 other Staffordshire creamware potters were producing the light-coloured creamware to which Wedgwood had given the name 'Queen's Ware' [from the service he made for Queen Charlotte]. The Yorkshire potters, on the other hand, continued to make the deeper-coloured creamware for some years," and one of the chapters in the book, to which many readers will turn with the greatest interest, is that devoted to the famous pottery at Leeds known in its day as the "Leeds Pottery," though there were a few others in the neighbourhood hanging on to the apron-strings of the greater and more successful concern. Its heyday was from about 1760 to the end of the century; by 1820 it was bankrupt. It then changed hands several times, and did not shut down finally until 1878.

The success of English creamware was so great that the Continental faience factories were compelled to pay us the compliment of imitation, and Mr. Towner devotes a brief chapter—too brief, in my view—to them, so that, if I understand him correctly, collectors may know what to avoid. Perhaps some day we may hope for further information from him from a less insular point of view, for much of this Continental ware is of the highest quality and well worth anybody's time and trouble. I should, for example, like to know more about the factory at Douai, which lasted from 1780 to 1831 and was founded by two English Catholics, Charles and Jacob Leigh. Other Englishmen also migrated to France, among them Christopher Potter, who bought the Chantilly factory in 1792, and creamware was made at that famous place until 1820. In France, we learn, creamware was called "Grès d'Angleterre" or "Faïence fine" or "Faïence Anglaise," in Germany "Steingut" and in Sweden "Flintporlin." Some was made even in Spain, at Alcora; and in Italy at both Naples and Savona, and in Hungary. At Savona undecorated creamware from both the Leeds and the Wedgwood factories was enamelled and signed by the very able Giacomo Boselli, known also by his French name of Jacques Boselly. There is, in short, a large volume waiting to be written some day which will deal with all these offshoots of an essentially English invention.

The third book to be noticed here is an account of the Royal Lancastrian Pottery near Manchester, from the years 1900 to 1938,‡ by Abraham Lomax, who was chemist at the works between 1896 and 1911; it is published privately by him at Ainsworth House, Brightmet, Bolton. It is probably too early to assess the contribution made to the ceramic industry by William Burton and his enthusiastic

band of collaborators. What I think is certain is that Mr. Lomax's first-hand account will be read with the greatest possible interest in years to come, for he was actively concerned with the experimental work, and unlike many first-class technicians in this and other fields, explains it in terms which are comprehensible to the layman. If one can judge from the four excellent colour plates; by far the most subtle of the new glazes developed was that known as Kingfisher Blue, a modification of an Ultramarine Blue which so overwhelmed any other pottery placed near it that, remarkable though it was, the firm soon found it impossible to sell.



A BLUE-AND-WHITE DISH OF THE SECOND HALF OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY FROM KUBACHI, IN NORTH PERSIA: ONE OF THE PIECES ILLUSTRATED IN "LATER ISLAMIC POTTERY," BY ARTHUR LANE, WHICH IS REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS. (Diameter, 12½ ins.) (Victoria and Albert Museum.)



DECORATED WITH A VIGOROUS DRAWING OF A SAILING SHIP: A TURKISH (ISNIK) DISH OF ABOUT 1600-30 WHICH IS ALSO ILLUSTRATED IN "LATER ISLAMIC POTTERY," THE DECORATION IS IN POLY-CHROME WITH RED. (Diameter, 12 ins.) (Victoria and Albert Museum.)



ILLUSTRATING JOSIAH WEDGWOOD'S IMPROVEMENTS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF CREAM-COLOURED EARTHENWARE: A DEEP CREAM WEDGWOOD COFFEE-POT OF c. 1763 WITH A RED TRANSFER PRINTED DECORATION APPLIED IN LIVERPOOL. (Donald Towner.) (Height, 8½ ins.)



MADE IN LEEDS IN c. 1770: A DEEP CREAM COFFEE-POT WITH ENAMEL DECORATIONS, WHICH IS ILLUSTRATED IN THE SECOND BOOK REVIEWED BY FRANK DAVIS—"ENGLISH CREAM-COLOURED EARTHENWARE," BY DONALD C. TOWNER. (Height 9½ ins.) (Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.)

The illustrations on this page are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Faber and Faber.

Delft and saltglaze, captured the European market, and was the foundation of the modern ceramic industry. The author is Donald C. Towner, Honorary Secretary of the English Ceramic Circle. The theme is familiar enough from numerous specialised articles and portions of standard works, but now for the first time all the evidence is gathered together in a single volume. There were several pioneers, among them Enoch Booth and Thomas Warburton, and the manufacture was not confined to Staffordshire; Josiah Wedgwood perfected it—indeed, as the author points out, "transformed it by 1768 into virtually a new substance of great beauty, which combined

ROYAL GIFTS TO THE GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL SALE; DRAWINGS IN LONDON; PAINTINGS IN THE U.S



IN THE EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS FROM THE DE PASS COLLECTION: "STUDY OF AN OLD WOMAN," BY REMBRANDT VAN RYN (1607-69). WHICH MAY BE CONNECTED WITH THE ETCHING OF c. 1641, KNOWN AS THE "SPANISH GIPSY." (Pen and brown ink and grey wash; 3½ by 3½ ins.)

(Above.) "A NATURAL HARBOUR WITH SHIPPING," BY CLAUDE LORRAIN (1600-82): AN OUTSTANDING DRAWING FROM THE DE PASS COLLECTION, WHICH WAS IN THE COLLECTION OF THE EARLS OF WARWICK (Pen and brown ink and brown wash over black chalk; 7½ by 10½ ins.)



(Left.) PRINCESS MARGARET'S GIFT TO THE GUILDFORD NEW CATHEDRAL TREASURE SALE: AN ENGLISH MOTHER-OF-PEARL OBLONG SNUFF BOX MADE IN c. 1745. THE SALE, WHICH INCLUDES JEWELLERY, SILVER, FURNITURE, GLASS, PORCELAIN, PAINTINGS, BOOKS, WINES AND CIGARS, IS TO BE HELD AT CLANDON PARK ON OCTOBER 11 AND 12.



AMONG THE ENGLISH DRAWINGS IN THE DE PASS COLLECTION: "STUDY OF A GROUP OF GENTLEMEN," BY WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764). (Pen and brown ink and grey wash; 8 by 13 ins.) Between 1914 and 1935 the late Alfred de Pass presented a valuable collection of paintings and drawings to the Royal Institution of Cornwall at Truro, in order to encourage an appreciation of the arts in that county. A varied selection of sixty-four drawings from this collection has been made and catalogued by Mr. A. E. Popham, and is being circulated by the Arts Council, which is now showing it at 4, St. James's Square, until October 5.



GIVEN BY THE QUEEN TO THE GUILDFORD NEW CATHEDRAL TREASURE SALE: A GEORGE III SILVER CAKE BASKET MADE IN LONDON BY EDWARD ALDRIDGE, IN 1765. Many magnificent gifts have been made to the Guildford New Cathedral Treasure Sale, which is to be held on October 11 and 12. These will be on view at Clandon Park on October 9 and 10. Among the outstanding items are a valuable set of eight Scottish silver forks, made in 1695 (from an anonymous donor), and a Bible, printed in London in 1612, which formerly belonged to President Jefferson, and has been given by Sir William Hildred.



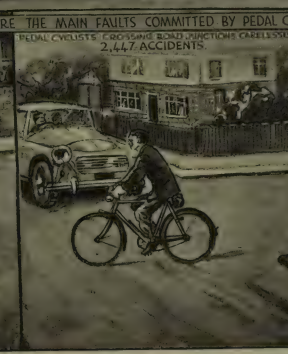
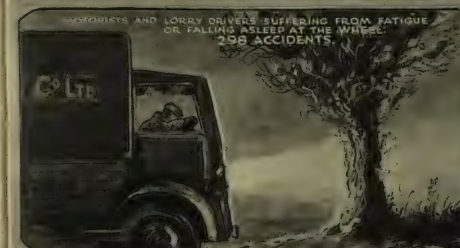
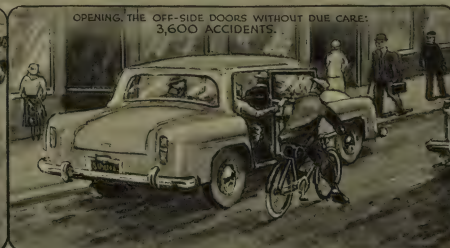
AMONG RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT THE WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT: "STILL LIFE WITH FLOWERS," BY SIMON VERELST (1644-1721). (Oil on canvas; 19½ by 16 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A CHILD," A MOST DELICATE WORK BY JEAN HONORE FRAGONARD (1732-1806). (Oil on canvas; oval, 15½ by 12½ ins.) (Courtesy Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford.) The Wadsworth Atheneum, at Hartford, Connecticut, has recently been showing a most interesting group of those paintings and sculptures which this enterprising museum has acquired in the last three years. Three of these paintings are shown here, among them the Chardin-like still life by Boudin, which was painted in the early 1860's. Another interesting acquisition was the "Portrait of Elizabeth Eggington," painted by an unknown American artist in 1664. It is the earliest dated American portrait known to exist.



"STILL LIFE WITH PATE," BY EUGENE BOUDIN (1824-98): AN UNUSUAL PAINTING FOR THE WORK OF THIS ARTIST, WHICH IS REMINISCENT OF CHARDIN. (Oil on canvas; 14½ by 18 ins.) (Courtesy Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford.)



DEATHS AND SERIOUS INJURIES ON BRITISH ROADS IN 1956: SOME COMMON

The figures given in "Road Accidents, 1956," produced by the Ministry of Transport and the Scottish Home Department, and published by the Stationery Office, show that during last year road casualties in Britain showed no great change, although the number of children killed was 6½ per cent. less than in 1955, and the total number of child casualties also decreased a little. In 1956, road casualties were: killed, 5367; seriously injured, 61,455; and slightly injured, 201,138. In spite of petrol rationing, traffic for the whole year was

slightly heavier. The number of children (under 15) killed was 717, and seriously injured, 9592. Among the fatal casualties, over 2000 were pedestrians, 650 were pedal cyclists, over 1000 were drivers or passengers on motor-cycles, and over 1000 people were killed in other motor vehicles. Large proportions of road accidents were caused by drivers, motor-cyclists and cyclists turning right and crossing at road junctions carelessly, and numerous accidents were caused by speeding, bad overtaking, by drivers being inattentive or having

Drawn by our Special Artist,

CAUSES OF ACCIDENTS INVOLVING DRIVERS, MOTOR-CYCLISTS, AND CYCLISTS.

their attention diverted, by careless opening of car doors, by stopping suddenly, by misjudgment of clearance, distance or speed, because of mechanical defects, and resulting from bad weather conditions. Motor-cyclists also suffered numerous accidents through losing control, and cyclists through swerving and riding with the head down. Most of the accidents caused by pedestrians came about through heedless stepping into or crossing the road, and in most cases pedestrians came into collision with the nearside of vehicles. According to

G. H. Davis, with official co-operation.

figures recently issued by the Ministry, road casualties remain at a similar level, in spite of the many and varied road safety campaigns. The total number of road casualties during the first seven months of this year is given as 148,130, and of these 2792 were killed—showing the small decrease of 111 deaths compared with the same period of 1956. A considerable decrease in the numbers of pedestrians, drivers and passengers killed was unfortunately balanced by a marked increase in motor-cyclist and motor-cycle passenger deaths.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ORIGINS OF SHEEP AND WOOL.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A WRITER in the mid-nineteenth century tells how, in Palestine: "We once observed a shepherd playing with his flock. He pretended to run away—the sheep ran after him and surrounded him; then to climb the rocks—the goats pursued him; and finally, all the flock formed in a circle, gambolling around him." This verbal picture forms a severe contrast to the photographs of to-day showing vast flocks at pasture in Australia, where sheep-farming is serious business. This is not, however, peculiar to modern times. In Tudor England wool was a staple industry and a principal source of national revenue, a relic of which is seen in the wool-sack used as the seat of the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords. The importance of sheep in biblical times is shown by the Old Testament statements that Job possessed 14,000 sheep, that when the Reubenites conquered the Hagarites they took from them 250,000 sheep, and that Mesha, King of Moab, possessed 100,000 pastured sheep and 100,000 rams, kept solely for their wool.



BEARING A FLEECE OF WOOL ALTHOUGH ITS MUZZLE IS COVERED WITH HAIR: THE DOMESTICATED SHEEP. One of the characteristics of wool is the scaly surface to the fibres of which it is composed, which give it a "clinging" quality demonstrated in this photograph by the entangled straw.

Little is known about the origins of domesticated sheep. Skeletons from the site of Anau, the ancient city in Turkestan, have given rise to the suggestion that the urial, the wild sheep of Southern Asia, was the first to be domesticated. This is reddish-brown with a white neck and a fringe of hair from the chin to the chest. The earliest European sheep, known as the turbary sheep, were similar to this and are believed to have been of the same stock. Their earliest remains are from Neolithic camps, but sheep very like them are found to-day in Switzerland, small, slender-legged, with black faces and long horns more goat-like than the familiar spiral rams' horns. A new breed that appeared in Europe during the Bronze Age, having massive spiral horns and believed to be a domesticated form of the mouflon, was probably ancestral to most of the modern European breeds.

There are other theories, one of which suggests that modern breeds were derived from a species of wild sheep that has since become extinct. The argali, of the mountains of Central Asia, living at heights of 15,000 to 18,000 ft., has also been suggested as an ancestor of the sheep we know to-day. This stands 4 ft. at the shoulder and the rams bear massive spiral horns, weighing up to 40 lb. While it can be taken for certain that wild sheep were more numerous in the past, and that there may have been species that have died out, there is no evidence that it was some species now extinct that may have been originally domesticated. Such slight evidence as there is points more probably to the urial, with the mouflon making some contribution to the stock.

Interbreeding has little to tell us. Different breeds of domesticated sheep readily interbreed, so do species of wild sheep in captivity, or even sheep and goats. It is this readiness to interbreed that has made possible the more than 200 breeds of domestic sheep known to-day. It has also made the task of the selective breeder easy, to produce types suitable for local conditions, for wool or meat production. There are, indeed, more kinds of sheep than varieties of rats following the Pied Piper. They may be tall, short, fat, lean, grey, tawny or multi-coloured;

some sheep are hornless, some have two horns, others four or even eight; some are white-faced, others black-faced. Some sheep are lop-eared, others fat-tailed, and the fleeces short or dense and woolly. And there are wool-less sheep. There are, therefore, breeds for every pasture, for most climates, and most altitudes.

The mystery of the sheep's origin is matched by our ignorance of the nature of the wool. The standard definition of a mammal, to which class the sheep belongs, includes several characters, one of which is that the body is typically covered with hair. Within this context, the word "hair" covers a wide range of structures from the silky coat of a chinchilla to the stout bristles on the muzzle of a walrus,

appearance as well as its physical properties, as compared with the two-layered wool fibres.

This is stating the position in the simplest terms, but to go beyond this would be to venture into a maze of technicalities that have resulted from an intensive study of wools and sheep carried out in recent years. A few more of the salient features brought to light may, however, illustrate the complexity of the problem. Thus, the structure of the black-faced sheep suggests that in it there may be a gradation from wool to hair, although an alternative view is that it may be, in a sense, intermediate between the two. Again, the mohair of the Angora goat, which used to be regarded as hair, is now known to be an undercoat and therefore technically wool.

Although the sheep is the only animal with a wool fleece, not all sheep bear wool. On the other hand, the camel has two distinctive coats, somewhat in the manner of the supposedly primitive sheep, while the musk-ox, scientifically known as *Ovibos*, yet not related to either sheep or cattle, has a soft undercoat which is shed once a year and an outer coat which is presumably cast progressively throughout the year. Goats, nearest relatives to sheep, have hair, and so do cattle and horses. So we arrive at the generalisation that some mammals have hair only, some have hair and wool, and most sheep have wool although some have hair. And just as there are many forms of hair, so there are different forms qualifying for the term wool.



BEING BOTTLE-FED: A YOUNG LAMB WHOSE MOTHER, A SICK EWE, WAS UNABLE TO NURSE IT HERSELF.

The difference between hair and wool is apparent in this photograph of a lamb which shows the black hair on its legs and head contrasting with its short woolly fleece.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

Microscopic examination has shown the skin of the sheep to consist of two layers separated by a layer of fat. There is some doubt, however, how the double coat of these supposedly primitive sheep is set in this skin. The fibres of the two components of the coat differ in structure. The fine fibres of the undercoat consist of two layers, and their surface is imbricated, that is, it is covered with scales arranged like tiles on a roof. The coarse hair is three-layered, including a hollow central core, or medulla, which is filled with air or other gas, and this alters markedly its

At this stage in our knowledge of the coats of mammals the differences between hair, fur and wool are probably better recognised by the senses than by precise definitions. There may be some animals about which one may have doubts as to whether to describe their coats as hair, fur or wool, but, on the whole, the appearance and the "feel" are fairly reliable guides.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



THE GLOUCESTER BY-ELECTION: MR. J. DIAMOND, THE SUCCESSFUL LABOUR CANDIDATE.
Mr. John Diamond held the seat for Labour in the by-election at Gloucester on Sept. 12. Mr. Diamond polled 18,895 votes and had a majority of 8,374 votes in a three-cornered fight against Mr. F. Dashwood, Conservative, who had 10,521 votes, and Lieut.-Colonel P. H. Lort-Phillips, Liberal, who had 7,393 votes. At the General Election, in a straight fight, the Labour majority was 748.



APPOINTED DEPUTY SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER ATLANTIC: REAR-ADMIRAL W. J. W. WOODS.
The Ministry of Defence announced on September 11 that Rear-Admiral W. J. W. Woods had been appointed Deputy Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic, in succession to Vice-Admiral Sir John Eaton. Admiral Woods has been Flag Officer Submarines since December 1955.



A REVEALING DISPATCH ON THE SUEZ OPERATIONS: GENERAL KEIGHTLEY.
The dispatch written by General Sir Charles Keightley, C.-in-C., Allied Forces, on the Suez operations last year, was published on September 12 as a supplement to the *London Gazette*. It revealed that in place of the stipulated ten days he was given only ten hours' notice for the start of operations.

GOVERNMENT CHANGES AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



APPOINTED LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL: VISCOUNT HAILSHAM, Q.C.
In the Government changes announced on September 17 Viscount Hailsham, formerly Minister of Education, was appointed Lord President of the Council. It is expected that Lord Hailsham will shortly succeed Mr. Oliver Poole as Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation. The former Lord President of the Council, the Earl of Home, continues as Leader of the House of Lords.



(Left.) APPOINTED CHAIRMAN OF THE FINE ART COMMISSION: LORD BRIDGES.
Lord Bridges has been appointed as Chairman of the Royal Fine Art Commission in succession to Lord Crawford and Balcarres, who has resigned. Lord Bridges, then Sir Edward Bridges, retired last year from the permanent Secretaryship of the Treasury. He was Secretary of the Cabinet, 1938-46, and was created a baron in January.



AMERICA WINS THE SIXTEENTH WALKER CUP: THE AMERICAN CAPTAIN, CHARLIE COE (LEFT), WITH THE TROPHY, AND GERALD MICKLEM, THE BRITISH CAPTAIN, AT MINNEAPOLIS.

(Right.) APPOINTED CANADIAN MINISTER OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS: DR. SIDNEY SMITH.
Dr. Sidney Smith, who has been President of Toronto University since 1945, has been appointed Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs, a portfolio which the Prime Minister, Mr. Diefenbaker, had so far retained himself. Born in 1897, the son of a farmer, Dr. Smith studied law and was called to the Nova Scotia Bar in 1921.



(Right.) APPOINTED MINISTER OF EDUCATION: MR. GEOFFREY LLOYD.
In the recent Government changes, Mr. Geoffrey William Lloyd was appointed to succeed Lord Hailsham as Minister of Education, with a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Lloyd, who is 55, was Minister in charge of the Petroleum Warfare Department from 1940-45. He lost his seat in 1945. From 1951-55 he was Minister of Fuel and Power.



A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: KING FAISAL OF IRAQ AND PRINCESS FAZILET.
It was announced in Baghdad on September 15 that King Faisal of Iraq is engaged to be married to sixteen-year-old Princess Fazilet, who is the daughter of Prince Mehmet Ali Ibrahim of Egypt and Princess Hanzade of Turkey. Princess Fazilet lives in Istanbul.



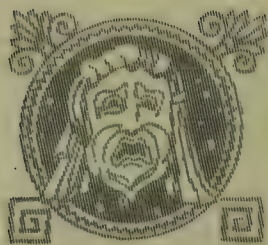
(Left.) APPOINTED MINISTER OF HEALTH: MR. D. WALKER-SMITH.
In the Government changes Mr. Derek Walker-Smith, who is 47, has been appointed Minister of Health in succession to Mr. Dennis Vosper, who has relinquished the post owing to illness. Mr. Walker-Smith has risen rapidly from the back benches to Ministerial rank. In January he was appointed Minister of State at the Board of Trade.



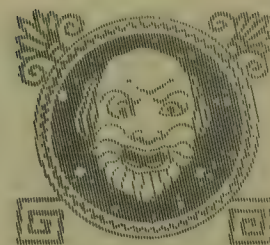
HELPING TO BUILD THE MERMAID THEATRE: SIR CULLUM WELCH, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, DROPPING A PAPER BEARING HIS NAME, AND COSTING HALF-A-CROWN, INTO A CHEST.
Our photograph shows Sir Cullum Welch dropping a piece of paper bearing his name into a chest outside the Royal Exchange, London. The chest is to be built into the foundations of the Mermaid Theatre. Standing near to the Lord Mayor is Mr. Bernard Miles.



SWEEP TO VICTORY IN THE WEST GERMAN ELECTIONS: DR. ADENAUER, THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR, SEEN RECORDING HIS OWN VOTE ON SEPTEMBER 15.
The provisional results of the West German general election announced on September 16 gave the Christian Democrats an absolute majority of forty-three seats in the new Bundestag. Thus Dr. Adenauer was returned for his third term of office as Chancellor.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



BIG AND BOISTEROUS.

By ALAN DENT.

THEY are not, on the whole, a very striking bunch—the new films—but at the least they are not quiet or dull. Elia Kazan's latest production, "A Face in the Crowd," must, in fact, be one of the most turbulent films ever made. It has hardly a moment of peace or pause. It is an account of the hectic career of an American Television Personality, and a terrible indictment of the power a fairly worthless but sufficiently strident personality may exert over countless homes in the new, all-pervading medium.

Lonesome Rhodes, as he is styled by his discoverer, is first seen dead-drunk in a prison in a corner of Arkansas. A producer called Marcia, who is collecting out-of-the-way material on a tape-recorder, persuades him to sing a song to his own guitar accompaniment. Lonesome has just emerged from his stupor, and sings and patters with remarkable naturalness because he is unaware of the recording-machine. Can he be persuaded to repeat this natural effect *ad infinitum*—to become, as it were, the Will Rogers or wise-cracking cowboy of our new times and new medium? Marcia sees to it that he can and does. In a short time his splendidly assured laugh and his twanging cheap philosophy are penetrating to infinitely more firesides than were ever reached by the original Rogers. And Marcia basks in his reflected glory—and pines for him in vain, since Lonesome is a sponge and a promiscuous Lothario who regards her as nothing more than the step-ladder which has brought him to his high, bad eminence. She has her revenge for this ingratitude, and brings him toppling downwards in the end.

Even for its subject—which is admittedly one of moment—the film is too long and too loud.

In its way the story of "Jeanne Eagels" is not dissimilar, though it is set back twenty-five years and more. It narrates the true tale of an actress with rather more ambition than talent who emerged from sordidly humble circumstances, made one vast success in a part which she stole from a declining star, and then failed to

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



KIM NOVAK IN THE TITLE ROLE OF COLUMBIA'S "JEANNE EAGELS."

In choosing Kim Novak, Alan Dent writes: "She is not perhaps the greatest actress on the screen. But then neither was Jeanne Eagels the greatest actress on the American stage, and it is Jeanne Eagels whom Miss Novak has to present in this elaborate film of the stage-life of twenty-five years ago. The original made her biggest success as Sadie Thompson in 'Rain,' the play adapted from Somerset Maugham's famous story. The directors of the film wisely allow us no more than a glimpse of this actual performance. Elsewhere, however, Miss Novak comes through with considerable credit and much prettiness."

sustain her fame because of her unhappy love-life and her over-addiction to the bottle and the dope-phial. The star-part was that of Sadie Thompson in "Rain," adapted from a celebrated Maugham story. According to the film this play

was handed to Jeanne Eagels by a tipsy, declining actress, a character who would—at least as presented in the film—have been more than adequately compensated with a lavish cheque and a crate of whisky. In the film the new star meanly appropriates the play without even an offer to its owner, and the cheated actress jumps out of the window of her apartment.

We are kept wondering whether Jeanne Eagels herself had any real quality as an actress. The American dramatic critics have been curiously quiet about her, at least in their reprints, and she finds no place in the books written by or about the Barrymores and other famous American players in and around the period. We can only gather and surmise that she was a vivid, urgent creature in her short heyday, and that her lovely fair hair had the exact tint which has become, largely through her, known as platinum. Kim Novak is to be commended even more for her courage than her skill in presenting her so passably in the film—with at least a considerable amount of the urgency and vividness. It is one of the curious paradoxes of the art of acting that one has to be absolutely first-rate in order to present an actual character *who was less than first-rate*. A first-rate actual actress is comparatively easy game—as many a first-rate actress from Bernhardt in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" downwards has shown. It is the slightly less than first-rate which is really difficult to indicate triumphantly. And it would not surprise me to learn that Miss Novak was by no means the first Hollywood actress to be offered this tricky part. All the more praise, then, to her pluck, as well as her prettiness and favour.

The one called "Campbell's Kingdom" has me almost completely stumped—the sort of film obviously intended to have immense popular appeal which turns out for me to be totally unappealing. It is an adventure story set in the Canadian Rockies—a tussle between a good man (Dirk Bogarde) who thinks there may be oil in a certain valley, and a bad man (Stanley Baker) who insists on building a dam and flooding the valley. There is no particular result to this struggle between oil and water, except that the dam is busted in the end, and the hero nearly gives up his life to save the villain. Small boys—or those who take a small boy's mental outlook to the cinema—will be elated by these happenings, and will not even notice the peculiar baldness of this film's dialogue. "A Face in the Crowd," in spite of its hysteria, has dialogue of a certain pungency and alertness. "Jeanne Eagels," though it cannot be called a well-written film, does at least try to catch the conversational tone of its period. But "Campbell's Kingdom" is written throughout in a wooden, un-graphic, un-alive way which keeps one—or me at least—gasping



MARCIA JEFFRIES (PATRICIA NEAL) DISCOVERS LONESOME RHODES (ANDY GRIFFITH) IN AN ARKANSAS PRISON: A SCENE FROM WARNER BROS.' "A FACE IN THE CROWD," WHICH IS PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN.



"IT NARRATES THE TRUE TALE OF AN ACTRESS WITH RATHER MORE AMBITION THAN TALENT": "JEANNE EAGELS"—A SCENE IN WHICH SAL SATORI (JEFF CHANDLER) DRIVES JEANNE EAGELS (KIM NOVAK) DOWN BROADWAY. (LONDON PREMIERE: GAUMONT, HAYMARKET, SEPTEMBER 5.)

But it is the work of Kazan, and it therefore has its own searing and telling quality, besides evincing the born director's gift of bringing the very best out of unknown and unpredictable material. Kazan, in fact, works the same minor miracle with a new actor-singer called Andy Griffith that Marcia (Patricia Neal) is supposed to do with Lonesome Rhodes, the character he portrays so well in the film. Let us hope that, unlike Lonesome, Mr. Griffith will stay put and be seen again. Lonesome's style is for a long time just as engaging as his mid-South accent. "Here's jis a little song to remember me by!" he will begin, and for just a second we can sense the sway such a character might conceivably exert over countless households all the time—and until they grow suddenly weary of it and turn like sheep to the next sensation.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"MANUELA" (Generally Released; September 16).—Trevor Howard at his very best as a Joseph-Conradish sea-captain. A film on the sombre side but intensely enjoyable. Worth seeing twice.

"SILK STOCKINGS" (Generally Released; September 9).—Fred Astaire dancing away as heretofore, with Cyd Charisse as his fetching partner. Worth seeing.

"ISLAND IN THE SUN" (Generally Released; September 9).—A mixed affair about mixed races on a West Indian island. The sun and the colour outshine an all-star cast. Possibly worth seeing.

with speculation as to how a strong English cast can have been induced to commit such asinine platitudes, unrevealing observations, and colourless exclamations to memory.



ORDERING TURTLE SOUP FROM A DEAF WAITER: CHARLES CHAPLIN, AS KING SHAHD OV (CENTRE), IN A SCENE FROM HIS NEW FILM, "A KING IN NEW YORK."



THE OLD CHAPLIN TOUCH OF COMEDY: THE KING TOPPLES INTO THE BATH OF HIS LOVELY HOTEL NEIGHBOUR, ANN KAY (DAWN ADDAMS).



A MOMENT OF ANGER: THE KING IS NOT AMUSED AT FINDING HIS HAT CONVERTED INTO A CREAM CAKE—AND STILL LESS AMUSED AT HAVING SAT ON IT.



CHAPLIN LAUGHS TOO HARD: THE KING CLUTCHES HIS FACE DESPERATELY WHEN HIS PLASTIC SURGERY COMES UNDONE WHILE HE IS WATCHING TWO COMEDIANS IN A NEW YORK NIGHT CLUB.



JUST BEFORE GOING ON THE AIR: THE KING DOES A FINAL REHEARSAL OF HIS TELEVISION WHISKY COMMERCIAL, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF JOHNSON (SIDNEY JAMES; RIGHT).



AMUSING ANN AT A DINNER-PARTY: KING SHAHD OV, USING HIS HOSTESS (JOAN INGRAM) AND A MOUTHFUL OF CUTLERY, DEMONSTRATES WHAT IT IS LIKE IN A DENTIST'S CHAIR WHEN THE DENTIST IS CALLED TO THE TELEPHONE.

Charles Chaplin's new film, "A King in New York," is the first that he has ever made entirely in this country. Once again this great screen figure, who was born in London in 1889, combines the rôles of star, director, author and composer in a comedy which has many of the hilarious moments one has learnt to expect from Chaplin. The plot is based on the experiences in the United States of King Shahdov, the dethroned monarch of Estrovia, who finds himself penniless and disillusioned. He gets involved in complications

by trying to help a small boy (acted by his own son, Michael) whose parents are suspected of Communist sympathies. The ingenuity of Ann Kay (Dawn Addams) leads the King to appear on television, where he ultimately advertises whisky. But in the end the King finds New York too much for him and returns to Europe. "A King in New York" is a satire on some aspects of the America which Mr. Chaplin himself has left. Mr. Chaplin attended the première of his film at the Leicester Square Theatre on September 12.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

GOLDSMITH'S Mr. Hardcastle loved "everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine." He might have added "old jokes" (though we shall never know what made his servant laugh so warmly at the very idea of "Ould Grouse in the gun-room," one of those tantalising hints for a story that now can never be developed). In

Old friends, old wine: the garrulous, inquisitive woman with the mute husband, the flashy widow who is called Sidebotham (and how do you pronounce it?), the American airman, the competent barmaid and her solid manager, the quarrel about a will, the marriage that has to be arranged: the dramatist keeps the business going, for two hours and more, until some of us are almost as battered as the babble-mouth played by Thora Hird is at the evening's end. Terrible, one says, and is then brought up by the feeling that this is clearly a snobbish thought, that Blackpool has enjoyed the business for many weeks, and that the factory-belt fooling round the bar must have something in it that can start the rapturous guffaw. What did Hardcastle's Diggory say: "I can't help laughing at that.... We have laughed at that these twenty years"?

It is useless now to dissect a sense of humour, an operation that can produce the most humourless essays in the language. Let me observe merely that the characters in "Saturday Night at the Crown" are from well-tried stock, that the piece is not so much a play as a documentary record of "pub" small-talk, and that once more there are listeners ready to peel the chestnut. I was surprised that so few people fell down on

the stage—a potential father did—but behind many of the lines one could hear the squelch of the custard-pie, the crack of breaking china, and the slapping of whitewash. And if Feste had entered the Crown during the third act and talked about Pigrogromitus and the Vapians and the equinoctial of Queubus, he would have been accepted, I dare say, as a mildly eccentric Saturday-night apparition with a comic costume and an odd line in jokes. Thora Hird would certainly have laughed herself into stitches—"all begun and ended in ha ha ha HA, HA—HAAAA!" (as Gordon Craig, in his new book, says of indifferent "Twelfth Nights" he remembers).

Perhaps the comedy would seem better after closing-time. It is Miss Hird I shall think of when the rest of the occasion among the clinking canakins is forgotten. A regular proclaims: "It won't be like Saturday until Ada is here." Agreed. I cannot recall her lines—and that is just as well—but I can visualise her in mid-stage, at her round table, that improbable husband beside her, and her voice flickering on madly like the vibration of an old silent film—the epithet is luckless—manipulated by a deranged operator. This character, when she likes, can utter more words to the minute than anyone I think of since—was it?—the Miss Shoe of "At Mrs. Beam's." Miss Hird's timing is remarkable. When one has ceased, in self-defence, to listen, it is still possible to realise that here is a technical expert, even when her Ada is well into the third degree of drink and tackling a dry pork-pie.

Others in the cast are like mechanical figures wound up to do their work twice-nightly. It is a strange business, and I can hope only that visitors from abroad, who drop into the theatre, will not take this as a representative English comedy—"not by a long chalk," as Miss Hird insists on saying.

Similarly, I hope no one will drop into the Theatre Royal, Stratford—and relatively few strangers take a quiet evening stroll down Angel Lane, E.15—under the impression that here is English Shakespeare at its richest. Though Miss Joan Littlewood's name is on the programme, this "Macbeth" could have been produced by Pigrogromitus of the Vapians. Miss Littlewood can be a redoubtable director, and Theatre Workshop has a reputation abroad: "Macbeth" comes on from Zürich and Moscow. I cannot imagine what it is doing now at Stratford-atte-Bowe (no link with the other Stratford, though there are "salmons in both").

The revival is in twentieth-century dress. Miss Littlewood says she is not trying to be clever or experimental. She is trying merely "to wipe away the dust of 300 years, to strip off the 'poetical' interpretations which the nineteenth-century sentimentalists put upon these plays...." In doing so, she has managed to tarnish the glory of Shakespearean verse, and to present us with a livid nightmare-melodrama acted in a stripped-stage set (except for its rough bridge, it could



"WE ARE DEEP IN THE 'SNUG' OF A PUBLIC-HOUSE SOMEWHERE IN LANCASHIRE": "SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE CROWN" (GARRICK), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH ADA THORPE (THORA HIRD) REGISTERS DISGUST AT THE BEHAVIOUR OF MRS. SIDEBOTHAM (MOLLY SUGDEN).

thinking of old jokes, let me suit the cliché to the word and say that familiarity breeds content. I remember reflecting moodily in this way during the summer, at a performance of a dazingly bad comedy during which everyone jested in cumbrous verse. The audience was stupefied. I felt sure that if somebody had asked, during the night, why a chicken crossed the road, there would have been a sudden and welcoming shout of laughter, and we should have warmed to the dramatist: a good fellow, after all.

There are times, of course, when anything will go, when a tired pun and a major epigram will have the same effect. That is when the listener "is in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd." Feste, who put this idea into Olivia's head, had certainly tried out his theory when he talked to Sir Andrew about Pigrogromitus of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus, and the Myrmidons having no bottle-ale houses. Personally, I feel that—however recondite the possible readings—Feste was here talking cheerful nonsense. Dr. Leslie Hotson, I grieve to say, has gone to some trouble to find explanations, though at one point he does comment sadly, "We miss a clear reference."

As an admirer of Feste, I cannot forgive Frank O'Connor for scorning him in that otherwise agreeably provocative book, "The Road to Stratford." But I admit that anyone must enjoy the Gilbertian parody that Mr. O'Connor quotes: "I would as lief be thrust through a quicket hedge as cry Pooh to a callow throstle." Let me say, in haste, that I had not expected to reach "Twelfth Night" in this article. From the first I have been sheering away from the business in hand: the task of inquiring why "Saturday Night at the Crown," the Garrick Theatre comedy, is so dolorous, and can yet bring guffaws from various parts of the house. The piece has no connection with "Twelfth Night" except for the chiming of one word in the title (Fluellen might exclaim: "There is salmons in both"). We are deep in the "snug" of a public-house somewhere in Lancashire; regulars and irregulars are there at opening time and at closing time; and between these hours there is "a hilarious comedy" (the author, Walter Greenwood, says so in the programme).

I noticed that, in performance, the obvious jokes brought the most hilarity.



"THE REVIVAL IS IN TWENTIETH-CENTURY DRESS": "MACBETH" (THEATRE ROYAL, STRATFORD-ATTE-BOWE), SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE MURDERS IN MISS JOAN LITTLEWOOD'S PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY.

This photograph of a scene from "Macbeth" in modern dress shows (l. to r.) above: Angus (Roger Grainger) and Rosse (Richard Harris). Below: Macbeth (Glynn Edwards), Lenox (Clifford Parrish), Banquo (Dudley Foster) and Macduff (Michael Ivan).

have served for the end of "The Entertainer," the Osborne play to which I will return next week). There is some crafty lighting at Stratford, but the speaking lacks any true fire. One of the only scenes to stick in my mind is the murder of Lady Macduff and her son (with, surely, a bit of "poetical interpretation" at the end of it). I have now another category for Hardcastle: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine—and old Shakespeare. But Miss Littlewood (borrowing from Mrs. Hardcastle) might call that "old-fashioned trumpery."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

CHINESE CLASSICAL THEATRE (Drury Lane).—A month's season. (September 16.)
 "NEKRASSOV" (Royal Court).—Sartre's satirical comedy, with Robert Helpmann. (September 17.)
 "HAMLET" (Old Vic).—John Neville as the Prince. (September 18.)
 "ALL KINDS OF MEN" (Arts).—A play by Alex Samuels. (September 19.)



THE FINAL NIGHT OF THE PROMENADE SEASON: SIR MALCOLM SARGENT, THE CONDUCTOR, ACKNOWLEDGING THE APPLAUSE AT THE END OF THE CONCERT. The sixty-third season of the Promenade Concerts ended at the Albert Hall on September 14 amid the rites which are a feature of the final night. Sir Malcolm Sargent spoke of his retirement from the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra but said it was not a retirement from the Proms.



THE FIRST OCCASION THAT HELICOPTERS HAVE BEEN USED AS ASSAULT TRANSPORT: A PAINTING OF THE 45TH ROYAL MARINE COMMANDO LANDING AT PORT SAID. This painting of the landing of the 45th Royal Marine Commando at Port Said on November 6, 1956, has been painted by Mr. W. H. Lane, an Admiralty artist, and is being sent to Malta to commemorate the landing. In this action 500 men were landed in 91 minutes—the first action in which the helicopter has been so used. In the background is the de Lesseps statue.



RECEIVED WITH MIXED FEELINGS AT UPTON, NEAR BIRKENHEAD: A 10-FT.-HIGH GRANITE STATUE CALLED "MAN" ERECTED IN MANOR DRIVE. THE MINISTRY OF HOUSING AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT ARE TO ADJUDICATE IN THE DISPUTE.



AT THE NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY'S AUTUMN SHOW: MR. A. E. BUZZA, OF BOWDEN, WITH A BLOOM OF *BRILLIANT* WHICH RECEIVED THE AWARD FOR THE BEST BLOOM IN THE AMATEURS' CLASSES IN THE TWO-DAY SHOW.

INNOVATIONS; THE LAST PROM. OF THE SEASON; AND OTHER NEWS.



SOFT TOYS MADE BY LONG-TERM PRISONERS BEING EXAMINED BY VISITORS AT AN EXHIBITION OF WORK DONE AT A "PRISON WITHOUT BARS." A three-day exhibition was recently held at the ten-year-old "prison without bars" at Leyhill, Gloucestershire. The exhibits were housed in six huts decorated by the prisoners and the work reflected handicrafts as well as industrial and vocational training.



A SERVICE FOR BUSINESS MEN INTRODUCED BY THE MIDLAND REGION: TRAVELLING SECRETARIES TO WHOM THEY CAN DICTATE LETTERS. So that business men travelling on the Midland Region of British Railways can dictate letters, secretaries are being provided on some trains. The first train secretaries, who are making alternate trips from Euston to Manchester, are Miss Ann Lowe (left) and Mrs. June Lambert, who are seen here.



RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED IN LONDON: THE WORLD'S FIRST COMMERCIAL ELECTRONIC TELEPHONE EXCHANGE. An all-electronic telephone exchange, the first of its kind to be developed for commercial use, has been designed and built by a team of young British engineers, all under thirty years of age. Made by Pye Telecommunications Ltd., the new exchange is noiseless and has components that will last up to fifty years.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THOUGH nowadays the sick mind and even the raving lunatic are well established in fiction, it is something new to be handed a vivid instance of persecution mania with a strictly touch-me-not air. This is what happens in "The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold," by Evelyn Waugh (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d.). We are told straight off that the writer is drawing on experience; and in the victim, a novelist and Catholic convert, middle-aged, living in the country, with a large family, we seem invited to recognise a self-portrait. Mr. Pinfold is very touchy about his "modesty." In its defence, he has turned himself into a combination of "eccentric don and testy colonel," offering the world "a front of pomposity mitigated by indiscretion . . . as hard, bright and antiquated as a cuirass." But underneath he is in good shape: afflicted with nothing worse than an all-enveloping boredom (it is "never later than Mr. Pinfold thinks"), chronic insomnia, and undefined twinges in the joints. Till one winter, while simultaneously taking rheumatic pills, two sedatives, official and private (the latter in Crème de Menthe), and his usual, "not illiberal," draughts of wine and brandy, he starts to come out in blotches and to "remember" figments. So he rushes off on a cruise to Ceylon.

But he has found a singularly unhappy ship. At first the disturbances are impersonal; his nights are broken by a jazz band, an evangelical meeting, a resounding accident, a torture-scene in the captain's cabin. Plainly, his own cabin is a transmitting-centre—perhaps a relic of wartime. Next, the voices converge on him; there are two hooligans at the door, calling him Pinfeld, reeling off grotesque charges against him, planning to beat him up. . . . Then comes the "international incident" at Gibraltar, with Pinfold as the victim-elect—but that, it dawns on him, was a hoax. Indeed the whole set-up gradually reveals itself as a hoax, a kind of softening process, worked by a B.B.C. man named Angel with the object of psycho-analysing him. Mr. Pinfold is brave and truculent all through, and finally—still believing in the "voices"—not only gets them down but snuffs them out. And afterwards he is told not to worry—it was just the sleeping-draught: though he never can understand why accusations out of his own head should be so far-fetched.

If the "case" were serious, the answer might be that Mr. Pinfold laboured under a sense of guilt and fear of humiliation, but was not going to tell himself why; his delusions were partly camouflage. In fact the tale makes very little surrender of privacy on any level. And therefore it can't be serious—but is it funny? Deft, admirably written—but to me not funny at all; frankly, rather tiresome.

OTHER FICTION.

"A Man From the Past," by Theo Fleischman (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), endues the theme of reincarnation, of a recovered self, with all its prescriptive charm. Florentin Passavant is a little wisp of a man, bullied at the office, terrorised by his big slatternly wife. And then, one day, he sees an Empire portrait in an antique shop. For some reason he is transfixed. He can't keep away from it. He *must* buy it—he must have a place to hide it from Urbanie—and therefore, in unspeakable dread and anguish, he must steal money from her. With that he has embarked on a double life. Memory revives in jerks, leading him to the fantastic discovery that he was Baron Taillard—General Baron Taillard, one of Napoleon's most reckless, swaggering, buccaneering braves. However, as every burst of light makes him ill, and at the crux he has an all but fatal attack of meningitis, it is a rough road. And after that, when he remembers the "ikon"—Taillard's great prize, left in a village church after Waterloo—when he flees Urbanie, and tracks it down, and makes himself rich—even then he is a sad little man, in a sad, smiling, autumnal fairytale. This tinge of pathos is a great merit.

"Our Glad," by Joyce Warren (Michael Joseph; 15s.), is as wholesome and good-natured a story as you would find in a month of Sundays. Fred and Holly, of the Nag's Head, have five little girls. Our Glad might have become a prima donna. But chance, a seaside holiday and the Lansbury Larks divert the whole brood into another sphere of entertainment. . . . Not a success story, nor even very dramatic, but cordial and plummy.

"The Colour of Murder," by Julian Symons (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is the reverse of wholesome. First we have John Wilkins' statement to the psychiatrist: about his job in the Complaints Department of a big store, his disappointing honeymoon, the stiffness between his mother and May—and how he has always "tried too hard," and put people off. Then there were his "blackouts" . . . and then he met Sheila Morton at the Library. A sweet, friendly girl. She became his dream-girl; and now he has woken up after a night's blackout, to be charged with murder. In this narrative, the aura of struggling, pathetic, somehow repellent honesty is very remarkable. Next we have a view of the trial and surrounding events: all on the same plane of realism, with the same drab yet ominous quality. And after that, there is a surprise epilogue.

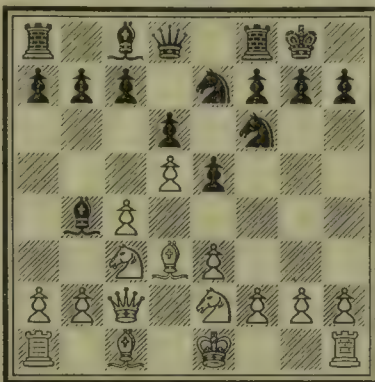
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE is a new sort of chess problem. I give you three positions and three moves from a rather comical British Championship game between J. Jarvis (White) and C. G. Hilton (Black); a Nimtso-Indian:

After 8. . . . P-Q3:

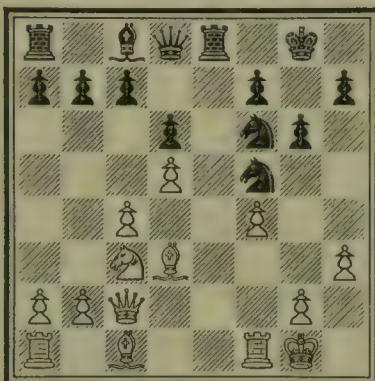
(Black.)



(White.)

After 13. . . . R-K1:

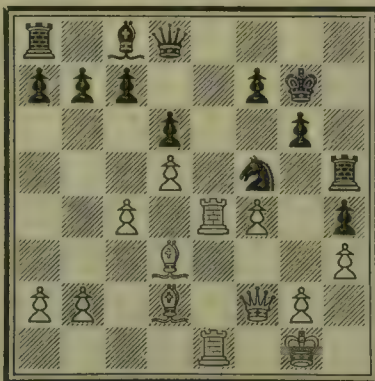
(Black.)



(White.)

After 19. . . . R-R4?

(Black.)



(White.)

One more move by White and Black resigned. The game: 1. P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-K3; 3. Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; 4. Q-B2, Kt-QB3; 5. P-K3, Castles; 6. B-Q3, P-K4; 7. P-Q5, Kt-K2; 8. Kt-K2, P-Q3; 9. Castles, BxKt; 10. KtxB, P-KKt3; 11. P-B4, PxP; 12. PxP, Kt-B4; 13. P-KR3, R-K1; 14. Q-B2, P-KR4; 15. B-Q2, K-Kt2; 16. QR-K1, R-R1; 17. Kt-K4; 18. BxKt; 19. R-R5; 20. R-K8, Resigns. (21. B-B3ch is a deadly threat.)

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM LORD DAVID CECIL ON READING TO AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

ESSAYISTS are out of fashion these days, because the art of essay-writing implies graciousness, elegance and charm. It is not that essays do not get written. But if your aim is to vent as much spleen as possible, to give the maximum offence, to establish yourself as an exponent of the shoddy neurosis which masquerades as "anger," then you prefer to call your essay a feature article. I am happy to find that Lord David Cecil has published a series of essays under the title of "The Fine Art of Reading" (Constable; 18s.), which exemplify his own fine art of writing. Here are *belles lettres* which one can savour with all the satisfaction afforded by a fine château-bottled claret. I choose that wine for my metaphor because its essence is delicacy. Those whose literary palates have been burnt to death by raw, immature spirit will find nothing here to stimulate them. *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.* "The Fine Art of Reading" was the subject chosen by Lord David for his inaugural lecture as Goldsmiths' Professor of English Literature at Oxford in 1949. It does not contain a sentence which is not significant, fluent and memorable. After quoting Sir Thomas Browne's dictum that "even that vulgar and Tavern-Musick, which makes one man merry and another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion," Lord David goes on to develop the theme, showing how the artist converts the imperfect into an image of perfection. And he concludes: "For in so far as they have expressed their spirit in the harmony of a true work of art, they have opened the eyes of the soul to a sight of that divine and flawless essence whence it springs and for which, while its unquiet exile on this earth endures, it is immedicably homesick."

Fineness, whether of composition or of appreciation, is unhurried. Lord David's prose is nothing if not tranquil. He does not range widely in order to open up new literary country, but he shows his readers new aspects of what lies at home. Much—almost too much—has been written about Jane Austen, but I wonder if any of it can quite compare with two essays in this book: "Sense and Sensibility," and "A Note on Jane Austen's Scenery"? Then there is perfection of phrase, as when Lord David describes Feste's last song in "Twelfth Night" as "this little, shivering, penny-whistle song." Or take another sentence, Tacitean in its brevity: "Women have more chance than men of seeing their fellow-beings as they really are." I class Lord David with his last namesake, Algernon Cecil, but the author of "A House in Bryanston Square" was more remote, more introspective, more allusive. "The Fine Art of Reading" is a book to possess and to cherish.

Literary genius may be what Bacon called a "shrewd thing" in family life, and that is why M. Maurice Goudek's "Close to Colette" (Secker and Warburg; 21s.), seems to me to be so touching. The author was Colette's third husband, and his tribute to her is simple and loving. Their family life was so obviously a shared and harmonious thing, although both were writers, and the genius of the one immeasurably surpassed that of the other. They shared so much. Little jokes about cats, or cooking, or millionaires, are not trivial; they can be the stuff of life, and express deep and enduring values. M. Goudek has attempted nothing formal. He rambles, but his ramblings show us Colette, with all her sincerity and courage, her simplicity, directness, and generosity of heart. She was a peasant, and that means that she bore like a banner much of all that is finest in the French soul. This is a gay and gallant book. I am sorry to have to say that the translation is clumsy and careless. It should not be necessary to point out that the English do not "pronounce discourses," they make speeches; that "with conscience" is not the equivalent for "conscientiously." And when I stumbled, in the last moving pages, on the appalling sentence: "But the next day she came out of her somnolence with a radiant visage," I despaired. Schoolchildren, in my time, have been whipped for less.

Back we go to Dickens. I confess that Dickens has always given me indigestion—one cannot enjoy plate after plate of plum cake—and also that highly technical works on how great writers planned their works depress me. Balzac's eighteen cups of coffee a day have always filled me with awe—and made me feel liverish. The thought, too, of those writers who

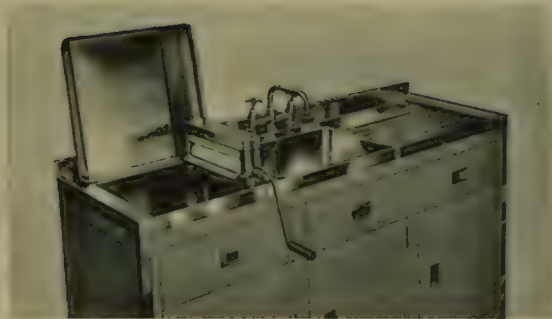
can discipline themselves (as did Sainte-Beuve in his old age) to a fixed daily output, usually during fixed times, fills me with admiration for their tenacity and mild wonder that they can nevertheless maintain their inspiration. But in spite of this mountain of prejudice, I can thoroughly recommend "Dickens at Work" (Methuen; 25s.), by John Butt and Kathleen Tillotson. It is not only, so far as I can judge, a work of considerable scholarship, but it fascinates the reader by treating the whole investigation as an adventure.

Finally, I have before me Lady Emily Lutyens' terrible reminiscences, "Candles in the Sun" (Hart-Davis; 25s.). I call the book terrible, because it terrifies. Lady Emily's long preoccupation with Theosophy, and the effect it had on her married life, is described with an ingenuousness which curdles the blood. It reminded me of all the more breathtaking chapters in the late Ronald Knox's "Enthusiasm."

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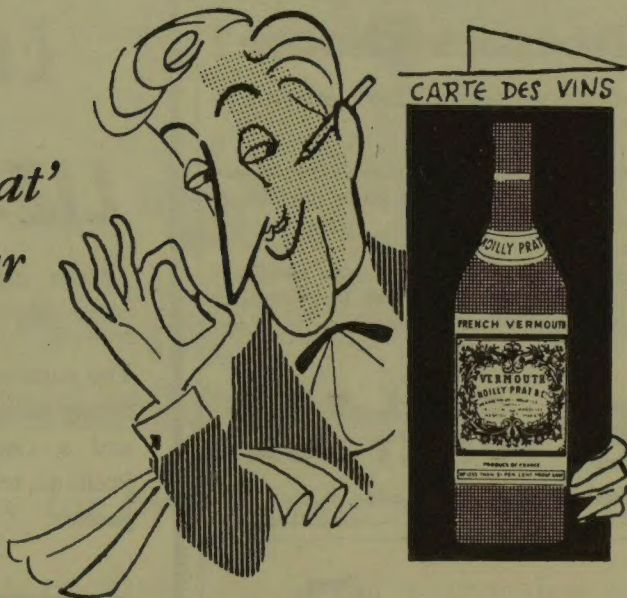
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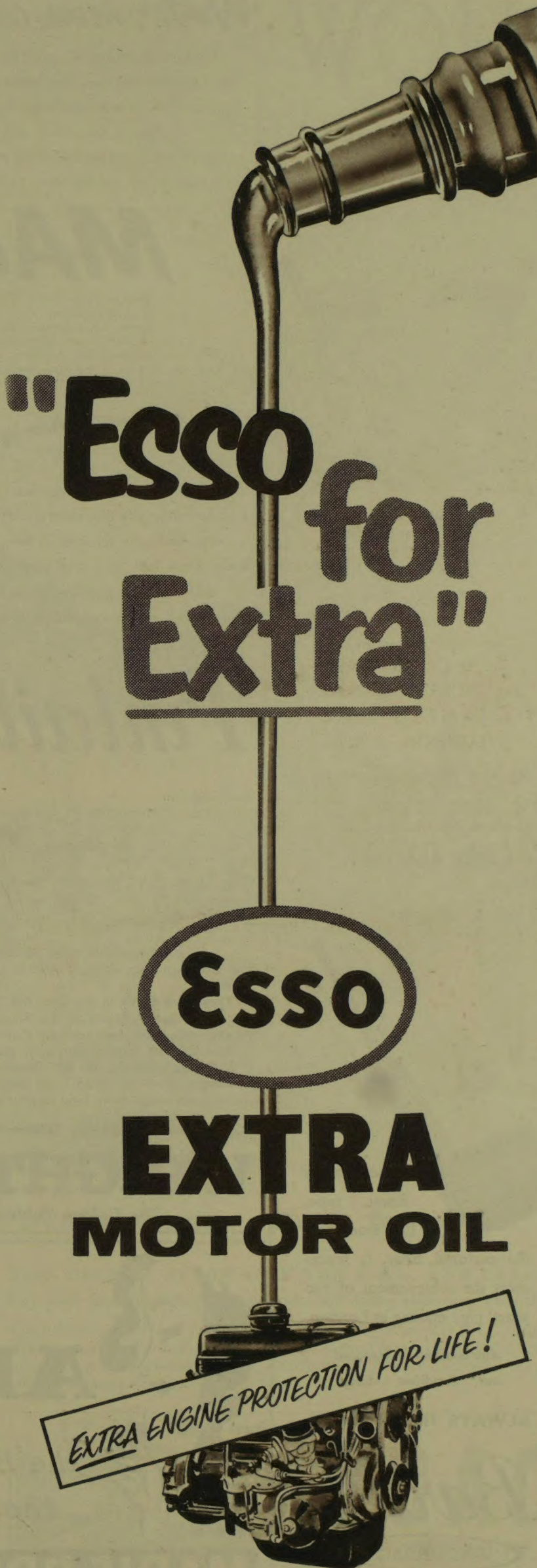
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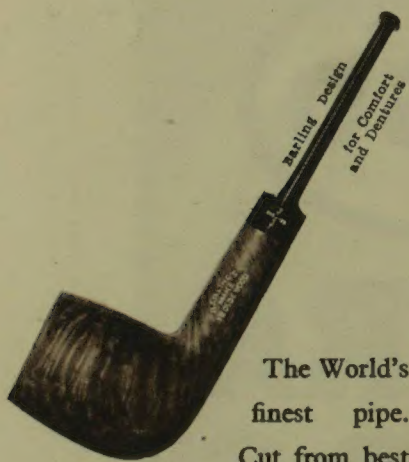
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